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# VANDELEUR.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*Corroding cruelty—pest as thou art!*
*Tenant but of the bad and barren heart!*
*Where'er thou rooted be no flowers will grow,*
*No genial dewdrops fall, no soft air blow:*
*But rank and rotting weeds rise well with thee—*
*Malice, revenge, fear, envy, jealousy.*

THE regiment disembarked on the 3d of September, and took up quarters at Belem, a village situated at the distance of a league from Lisbon. The day, like most of the days which shine on Portugal, was bright and beautiful, and the sun had passed its hot meridian some hours; a cool breeze, fresh from the sea, rendered the afternoon

temperate and delightful. The Portuguese, in crowds—monks, chevaliers, burghers, and bullock-drivers, with feelings of joy and of respect, approaching to devotion, pressed around the soldiers. Junot, their conqueror, had been now driven out of the country by the British arms, and the arrival thus of reinforcements gave earnest of ultimate success in the war. The people, therefore, felt unmixed respect and gratitude for every British soldier. The venerable friars of St. Jeronimo convent, close to which building the men had landed, hospitably met the officers, and proffered their refectory and its store of good things, while the privates were honoured by the tables of fidalgoes. The Tagus yielded its varied and choicest fish; the warm gardens of its banks poured forth their most delicious fruits; and the rich wines of the vineyard streamed in sparkling libations for the saviours of Portugal. But all this sunshine of the heart, so calculated to brighten and purify it, had no effect on Sir Edward, except to fill him with still greater vanities than he before possessed, and to puff him up with still more pride and insolent bearing. His very first order, the day after disem-

barkation, was, that Miles Magoverin should undergo the sentence under which he still stood! To the major's party in the regiment, this order gave pleasure, but the most lively disgust to that of Captain Ostin's, or rather those who felt opposed to the general intolerance of the haughty Sir Edward. So weak did he become, through the nurturing of his unworthy resentment, that he listened to the most mean and petty eves-dropping of his semi-valet, Nickerman, and received the most degrading advices from the petticoat-major — degrading, because they fed his vice and folly at the expence of his official dignity. One instance, amongst the many annoyances which the system of fetching and carrying produced, will suffice to shew the weakness, pride, and malignity of this commanding officer.

Nickerman's servant was a man after his own heart, who officiated towards him in the way of tattling, as he himself did towards his patron. This fellow had been drinking with Gregory Stubbs, the acting drum-major of the regiment, on the evening of the day on which the order for the punishment of Miles was issued. The unthinking Stubbs, in the relaxation of the moment, spoke of

this order in no very gentle strain: his friendship for Miles, his natural hatred for oppression, and the much admired spirit of the potent *porto ramo*, which was within him, urged his tongue into a "tattoo"-round, against the conduct of his commanding officer. This was carried by Nickerman's servant, with an additional "tap" to the drum of his master's ear, and the assiduous lieutenant posted off forthwith to deliver himself of his budget at Sir Edward's chamber. We shall now shew the effect of this tattle.

The regiment assembled to witness the punishment of the prisoner. A triangle, constructed of halberds, was fixed on the wide sandy shore which skirts the Tagus, a little to the west of Belem, and about it the corps formed a hollow square. The prisoner was conducted to the foot of this triangle, near to which were the two majors and the other staff of the regiment—for not a single officer was permitted to be absent, except the assistant-surgeon, whose duty at the hospital could not be dispensed with.

The major commanding now directed the adjutant to read the sentence of the court-martial, which

was done accordingly, and the prisoner then was tied up to receive his punishment, the first, and, perhaps, not least galling part of which was, a bitter lecture from Sir Edward on the enormity of his offence.

When the drummers were preparing to operate on the back of the prisoner, Captain Ostin stepped forward from the head of the Grenadier Company, and formally saluting the commanding officer, addressed him thus:—

"Major Sir Edward Vandeleur, I have spoken towards the fair and quiet character of the prisoner at the court-martial held on his case, and I feel that I should not acquit my conscience if I did not now, as captain of the company of which he is a member, thus publicly recommend him to your favourable consideration."

"Captain Ostin," exclaimed the imperious Sir Edward, "your irregularity cannot be permitted to pass without censure: this is not a proper place for such recommendations. I am determined that the sentence of the court shall take place."

The generous suppliant now stood with head

erect and breast swelling with its own pure and just indignation; then fixing a look upon the commanding officer that chilled his heart and moved his lip, he measured his steps back to his post in eloquent silence.

Redmond, whose blood now boiled within his veins, turned his flushed face towards Ostin with a smile of approbation, and then directed a look at the proud Sir Edward, which he could not misinterpret.

Still the preparations went on, and the relentless major assumed a more determined manner, in order to bear out, by main force, the inhumanity of his conduct. Not a word was uttered by the prisoner. He appeared firm, but in his countenance might be seen an expression which told that his heart *felt* more than his back *could* feel.

As the orderly sergeant was about taking his station to count the blows of the ready "cat," Sir Edward, as if he had suddenly recollected a previously arranged circumstance, called out for the acting drum-major to stand forward. Gregory Stubbs, whose well-fed face never had but one appearance—red, purple, and good humoured,

stood boldly out before the major, and displayed a well-motioned salute. Sir Edward then addressed him thus :—

"Now, Sir, it has been reported to me that you dared to question my conduct as commanding officer of this corps, and freely gave it as your opinion that the prisoner there ought not to be punished. You are only an acting drum-major, Sir, or I would bring you to court-martial; but to break you does not need such form: I will not only reduce you from that office, but will oblige you to punish the prisoner yourself. Take the 'cat,' Sir, and give the first twenty-five."

The ex-drum-major stood stupidly staring at Sir Edward, scarcely knowing what to say or do; but was roused by the repetition of the command to take up the "cat," or else he should be flogged himself. This made him startle, and he proceeded to obey, almost unconscious of what he was about, so confused and thunderstruck was he at the unexpected charge and punishment with which Sir Edward attacked him. The countenance of that officer was too strongly indicative of his inflexible resentment to hold out the slightest hope to Stubbs

of a remission in the order, therefore he instinctively forbore to crave it, or to exculpate himself. The sudden extinction of his cherished hopes, so long wrapped in the *drum-majority*, was sufficient to stupify Stubbs's senses—for, to "lead the drums," as he often declared, had been the *ultima Thule* of his desire ever since the first dawn of his thumping abilities displayed itself on his venerated parchment. He was truly an enthusiast in his profession; and thus to be flung from the Tarpeian temple of his glory, just as he had mounted its hundred steps, placing, as it were, his foot on its glittering threshold, was indeed a thunderclap to his senses, the effect of which was only to be checked by as sudden a stroke upon his heart; for Gregory's was in the right place; and however confusedly the voice of reason and wisdom could move through his head, that of humanity and friendship always found a clear echo in his heart, which stirred up its best sympathies. In fact, he was awakened from his confusion by that awful momentary pause which, in military flogging, precedes the first lash. The bared and defenceless back of his *friend* was before him, and *his* arm was to draw blood from it by the

knotted cords which he was now passing through his fingers! He hesitated.

"Drummer, do your duty!" sternly exclaimed the commanding officer.

Stubbs started at the sound of the major's voice, and drew back his right leg in a preparatory motion to the first blow, but did not raise the lash: he then paused again.

"Do your duty instantly, Sir!" continued Sir Edward, "or I'll have you tied up yourself!"

The pause continued a moment longer, during which the internal emotion of Stubbs was great; and although his face was not the most expressive index of his feelings, yet an increased redness thereon, and an unusual distention of the eyes, shewed that his breast laboured within. At length his emotion burst out—he threw down the lash, and, turning to the major, exclaimed—

"Sir Edward, I cannot strike the man—he is an old friend and comrade of mine—I would bear a flogging myself rather than do it."

"God bless you, Gregory!" muttered the prisoner, as he hung down his head between his arms,

which were tied at the wrists to the top of the triangle.

The major's anger began to burn high, while every one around admired in his heart the good feelings which actuated the drummer, and the sympathies of Ostin and Redmond were deeply touched.

" You *shall* have your choice, Sir," roared Sir Edward: " you shall be tried for mutiny!—Here, let this man be sent to the guard-house—take him away."

The order was instantly obeyed—Gregory Stubbs was marched on one side of the hollow square in the custody of two soldiers; but he had an air of self-approbation about him which seemed to bid defiance to his threatened punishment. Other drummers, of more accommodating feelings, were now ordered to the duty which their late leader had refused to perform, and the punishment was begun.

Each drummer struck his twenty-five with full force and precision; yet, saving a stifled groan, no sound fell from the lips of the sufferer. Before he

had received seventy-five lashes the cords of the "cat" were matted together with the blood which they had drawn, and it was necessary to disentangle them before every subsequent lash. So well did the drummers "do their duty" under the eye of him they wished to please, that a red mist started from the sufferer's back, smoking an inch or two above the cords on each application. This mist, as it may be called, was the minute particles of the blood forced upwards by the blows of the cords.

When the prisoner had received a hundred and fifty lashes he hung his head down on his breast, and seemed to have become callous to the torture. But the surgeon, who was an experienced officer of his department, felt a little alarmed at the apparent indifference with which the blows were received: he therefore went over to the sufferer; looked in his face; felt his pulse; examined the ravages which the lash had made on his back with a view to ascertaining their extent, and then advanced to the commanding officer to declare that the man could not bear further punishment without great danger.

"Danger, Mr. Brown!—What danger?" demanded Sir Edward.

"There is danger of a fever, Sir."

"Pooh! Pooh! *Fever* indeed!—My dear Sir, I have seen nine hundred given without any very bad effects:—I really think you are too scrupulous, Sir."

"It is my opinion that the man should be taken down, Sir Edward."

"Down at a hundred and fifty lashes! Why, Sir, the fellow has not uttered a cry."

"That is the reason I fear his safety. I have examined the man and find that he is completely exhausted; and I believe that the feelings of his mind have been even more acute and injurious than those of his body. I do not doubt that nine hundred lashes have been inflicted on men, but I think not without danger; and I am further of opinion that one hundred such blows as the prisoner has received, is as much as could be safely given in many cases."

"I don't care, Sir—the man has received but a hundred and fifty, and he shall have more," replied Sir Edward.

"Then, Sir, I beg to withdraw from the parade, where my services are not needed," coolly returned the surgeon.

"No, Sir, you shall please to remain here. I—a—really—a—"

A pause took place, and Sir Edward bit his nether lip, rode up closely to the prisoner, affected to examine his countenance, and then continued—"But I will not dispute further with you, Mr. Brown—a—Drummer, take the man down."

The major then assumed a coolness of manner which was evidently greatly at variance with his real feelings.

Miles was now removed from the triangle, and the torturing infliction on the sympathies of Redmond and Captain Ostin, as well as of many others, ceased. The sufferer tottered with weakness—his clammy lips quivered—his eyes appeared sunken—his face of an ashy paleness, and cold drops fell from his forehead. There was a time, perhaps, that he could have borne a greater punishment with less injury: but the surgeon explained the reasons fully afterwards why he was so deeply affected by the flogging. That gentleman declared

that it was owing to the oppression which the charge made against him had operated on his mind, together with an acute sense of the disgrace to which he was reduced by the punishment.

Miles was led tottering to the hospital, and the regiment marched back to quarters in silent gloom. A scene had been exhibited which all secretly, if not openly allowed, was disgraceful to the character of a British officer, and most felt that it was a misfortune to be commanded by a petty tyrant, the like of whom the oldest soldier in the corps never knew to have existed in the British army. Even amongst his own party Sir Edward found none who warmly approved, except Mrs. Pommel. The punishment of Miles Magoverin increased disunion and discord to such a pitch in the regiment, that one officer scarcely dared or wished to speak to another except on matters of duty. The curse of an officer's life—a disunited corps—hung over them, and rendered all its members unhappy. They had too much of the knowledge of the soldier's duty, generally speaking, amongst them, to dispute with each other at a time when their services were about to be called forth in the field, and too much prudence to

be familiar where that familiarity must lead to difference. Had they been at open and declared variance with each other, the interference of the commander of the forces, Sir John Moore, would have ended it in a very summary way; but theirs was the worst of all differences, namely, that which is caused by tyranny, under the mask of duty and politeness. This state of things was particularly felt by the officers, who admired the unity of heart and fraternality of action which had existed in the corps but a few months previously, when under the immediate fatherly and soldier-like guidance of Colonel Howard; and they fervently wished that heaven might grant his recovery from illness, once more to take the head of their corps, and by his conciliating manners, prudent decision, and sound wisdom, put an end to the troubles which fermented from right to left, and which must only increase as long as his post was filled by a haughty, purse-proud, and inexperienced young officer like Sir Edward.

As the surgeon feared, Miles was afflicted with a fever of no slight danger: the inflammation arising from the laceration of his back was not the sole cause; mental irritation produced the constitutional

disease, and the inflammation of his wounds, of course, was not calculated to relieve it. So serious was the character of his illness on the third day after his punishment, that Sir Edward had reason to thank his stars that another blow had not been struck after the surgeon intimated to him his opinion against it: and he felt this strongly; for his inquiries regarding every hour of the man's illness were too solicitous to be placed to the account of his kindness. Indeed, had the opinion of the surgeon been disregarded by Sir Edward—had he persisted in flogging the man afterwards, and that man happened to have died from the consequent fever, his rank and interest might have been much embarrassed in saving him from the fate of Governor Wall.

Poor Gregory Stubbs escaped a court-martial, and was allowed to resume his acting command of the drums, solely through the fear excited in Sir Edward's mind by the danger in which Miles was placed; for, had the man died, the circumstance of endeavouring to force one friend to flog another was of such a shade that he feared it might throw a gloom over his glory, if known at the Horse Guards.

Redmond Allan and Captain Ostin shewed their

marked displeasure at the conduct of Sir Edward, and treated him with every mark of contempt that they could show consistently with their duty. They were assiduous in their kind attentions to Miles, and the inquiries which they made every day of the surgeon at the mess, and in the major's presence regarding him, were any thing but balm to the wounded mind of the latter.

The regiment remained a month at Lisbon, and neither the gaieties which are inseparable from a delivering army in the capital city of its national ally, nor the irritating differences which divided the members of Redmond's corps, usurped the whole of his attention, or that of his worthy captain. The moonlight ripple of the Tagus and the bright stars of its skies—the shades of the Alimtajo mountains, and the leafy bosom of the vineyards, were often pressed into the service of their hearts, when contemplating the beauties of their respective elect in love, and added a sweet and melancholy tint to the mutual reflections which they devoted to their praises. The impression made on Ostin's mind by the vision which he had seen at the church-yard, although not estimated now with that fearful

degree of apprehension by which it was on the night before his departure from Bath, yet it had not entirely lost its influence on his mind. He would at one time walk out under the shade of the romantic convent of St. Jeronimo, when there was not a breeze abroad, and the full moon looked as it were smiling on the sleeping scene; and, then as he walked, would work his fancy into a belief of his Charlotte's death, and strain his imagination for another view of her ethereal form: at other times he would smile at the delusion, and fix his hope upon the first coming mail from England. Redmond's fears were only for absence, and his hopes on a happy return to the arms of one, whose faith in love was as true and as pure as unsullied light. He wandered through the scenes of lovely nature which surrounded him, only to admire them by associating in some way or other his beloved Emily with their beauties. The one lover, although overspread in his passion with doubt and mystery, was not, perhaps, less happy than the other, who was blest with certainty of faith. Between their regimental duties, their moonlight rambles, and their participation in the rational enjoyments of the first order

of Portuguese society, a month passed away; and without receiving any letter from England, they were ordered to march for Spain with the army, of which they formed a part, under the promising auspices of their gallant general, Sir John Moore. Accordingly the regiment proceeded on the 27th of October, leaving Miles Magoverin behind at Lisbon, still an invalid in the general hospital.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Are there not burning thoughts that lie
Within the heart, and will not die,
But on through day and night endure,
Like fires volcanic—deep but sure.

It is now necessary that we observe how affairs went on at Bath.

The regiment had not been many hours on its march from that city, when Colonel Raven, in a splendid chariot, attended by two mounted grooms, drove up to the residence of Mr. Ostin. The reverend gentleman received his visitor with his usual hospitality—a little surprised, to be sure, at the sudden magnificence of style adopted by the colonel, in making a familiar visit; for Raven was, on this occasion, not only equipped with new and

superb carriage, horses and livery, but dressed and decorated in the full military costume of his corps.

The colonel was soon seated in the apartment facing the garden. From the window, he could see a summer-house in which Emily was reclining, and before she could retreat from his view (for she was in no mood to receive visitors) he roared out, in what, no doubt, he conceived to be a very facetious and winning way—

"Ha! my little wood-pigeon, you are all alone in the trees there—eh?—I see you."

Emily returned the unpleasant recognition, and left her solitude to enter the parlour, where the colonel and her brother sat. However, after a few common place inquiries had passed, she seized an opportunity of retiring to her room, where silence and contemplation, the only companions she then desired, awaited her.

"Miss Ostin and yourself must feel the absence of your brother and Mr. Allan, now that the regiment has marched," observed Raven, as Emily withdrew.

"We shall feel it more acutely, if they embark for Spain or Portugal," returned Mr. Ostin.

"Ay! no doubt of it: and I can inform you that they are positively to embark for Lisbon. I have had the news from London last night, along with that new feather: both came under a frank. I can depend on the truth; my friend who sent it holds a confidential situation at head-quarters. The troops under Sir Arthur Wellesley are to be reinforced, and Sir John Moore is to lead them into Spain immediately. It will be but a short campaign, I'll swear; for neither Sir John Moore nor Sir Arthur Wellesley can ever do any good in Portugal."

"Sir Arthur is a clever general: he acquitted himself well in the late action at Vimeira; and I think it a pity that he has not got the command which he so well deserves."

"Aye, aye, *clever*—as you call it," returned Raven, "he has be enin India, and was very well there; but, Sir, he is not the man to beat the French; nor yet is Sir John. You will not have a single British soldier in Portugal at the end of twelve months hence. But I'll tell you what—the army will have a pleasant campaign in a fine warm country; they will drink good wine, and all that;

but they will certainly very soon return. I was just thinking, as I drove from the inspection of my corps to day, that you might take a very pleasant trip to Portugal, attached to the army as chaplain, (if you would accept the commission). You know the rank is that of captain, and the pay and allowances much better: you would be near your brother too, and the duty, I assure you, is very agreeable—pleasant society, and all that. In short, I was just thinking that, if you would accept of the appointment, you may have it; for I possess sufficient interest to procure it for you."

"I am extremely obliged to you, colonel, for the kind offer: and I assure you, there is nothing I would like better; but my sister Emily requires my protection here."

"My dear Sir, that shall be no obstacle: nothing would delight Lady Vandeleur half so much as Miss Ostin's company at Vandeleur Hall during your absence. Charlotte too, when she recovers her health, and returns, will be so happy in her society; and truly I may say that the honour would be highly gratifying to me, Mr. Ostin.

Your house you may give up: Vandeleur Hall shall be entirely at your service."

This offer, made in the most cordial manner, and so much in unison with Mr. Ostin's feelings—for he had long wished for an opportunity of visiting a foreign country—was received with pleasure and gratitude; but, as his sister's wishes should be first consulted, he declined accepting the offer until he communicated with her. This was the only reason why he did not instantly consent to receive the appointment, and therefore he assured the colonel that he would wait on him next day, for the purpose of giving him a decisive answer. The colonel, on his part, positively assured him that he would procure him the appointment in a few days after he should consent to accept it; and took his leave, with the understanding, that the matter was to be settled the following day.

Mr. Ostin lost no time in speaking to his sister on the subject, who, although the appointment would deprive her, for some time, of her beloved brother's society, could not think of opposing an offer so advantageous to him. She therefore gave

her consent to the measure instantly, and, before night, the matter was finally arranged. Lady Raven's carriage arrived at Mr. Ostin's door with a note from her ladyship, entreating Emily to come over to Vandeleur Hall that evening; and another from the colonel to Mr. Ostin, written in familiar, warm, and pressing terms, requesting his company to a social bottle, *têtc-à-tête*. The invitation was accepted, because Mr. Ostin and his sister believed it was a purely kind motive that dictated it, therefore all ceremony was waived.

Lady Raven received Miss Ostin with all the kindness of a mother, and pressed her to make Vandeleur Hall her home while Mr. Ostin might be abroad. The offer was accepted. The next post from Bath bore the colonel's application to his friends for the appointment; and, in less than a week, Mr. Ostin was gazetted "Chaplain to the forces," ordered to join the army in Portugal, and prepared to embark in a sloop of war for Lisbon. The house he then occupied was given up, and Emily, with the servants, removed to Vandeleur Hall.

The chaplain sailed with a fair wind, and, after a good passage, came in sight of the rock of Lisbon, on a fine evening, as the sun was approaching to the circle of the quiet ocean on which he gazed.

Whilst the beautiful war-vessel in which Mr. Ostin sailed was slowly nearing her destined port, a merchant ship—the only moving thing to be seen on the wide bright space around, except water itself—approached them. The breeze being south-west, she went freely before it in full sail, while the war-sloop was on her larboard tack. The latter, on her approach, hailed the stranger, and found she was an American ship, on her voyage from Sicily to Ireland. She was then ordered to lie-to.

Mr. Ostin had been enjoying the social board in the cabin, with the jolly officers of the sloop, when he heard the hoarse voice of the speaking-trumpet hailing the merchantman; at which, he went on deck to observe the ceremony then going on. The sloop's boat was lowered, and the first lieutenant jumped into it. This officer was soon on board of the merchantman, and having done his duty by examining her papers, &c., returned, and

made his report to his commanding officer. The American vessel was then dismissed to pursue her voyage.

Half an hour had passed before the officers re-assembled in the cabin. When they had taken their seats, and the glass resumed its sparkling hues, the lieutenant, who had boarded the American, detailed to the table what he had seen amongst the Yankees, and having disposed of that part of the subject in which he took most interest, namely the nature of her papers, &c., he mentioned that she had the dead body of a young lady on board, and was conveying it to Dublin, for interment. Most of the officers inquired the name of the deceased lady, but the chaplain being a native of Dublin, was particularly solicitous to hear it mentioned, naturally thinking that he might perhaps know the family to which the dead belonged. The lieutenant said, that the servants who attended informed him her father was a high officer in the government of Ireland, that she had died in Sicily, and that her name was Eliza Curran.

Every muscle of Mr. Ostin trembled when he

heard the name mentioned.—It was the lifeless body of his beloved Eliza, that, after five years separation, he thus met in the wide ocean, on its funeral journey!

The effects produced on him by the information passed unobserved by the officers; for he possessed that strength of mind which, although it for a moment yielded to the terrible blow that struck his heart unawares, yet like the tried oak, that bends before the sudden and sweeping blast, it quickly returned to its firmness. He sat a few moments motionless while the lieutenant continued his details, and then went, unobserved, on deck to take a last look at the vessel which held the remains of her whom he had loved so fervently and so long. He stood at the stern and saw the lessening ship with her full sails spread and tipped with the rays of the setting sun towards which she was moving. He was undisturbed by the officers of the sloop, some of whom walked the deck in conversation, while others remained below; and until the ship which enshrined the lifeless clay of her he had worshipped, dwindled into a speck on the distant waters, and faded in the dun clouds which followed the sunken sun, he stood

gazing—grasping with his sight the fleeting treasure of his heart. No eye saw the tear that stole silently down his manly cheek, or the struggles that raged in his impassioned breast; his sorrows were with himself alone: all the poignancy of passion, which, by time, he had overcome, rushed vividly again into his heart. He had now seen the wreck complete—the lovely and beloved ruin which the folly of Emmet had consummated; and, for that, his pity increased his grief, but his closed and firm lips permitted no utterance of it. He stood fixed on the spot, silent and gazing until he could see only mist and twilight—his sight strained through the thick gloom, and clinging to the last glimpse of the little spot whereon was all he loved—his Eliza—cold—dead—gone for ever from him !—He then turned to the burning light of his own thoughts.

He retired to the cabin allotted for his sleeping place, but not to sleep: his orisons for the departed spirit of his loved one employed the night, and served to soften down the feelings so bitterly excited in his bosom. The morning dawned, and he became calm as the water of the Tagus over which

the vessel, now approaching to her anchorage, bore him. The agitation of his long buried emotions, and the excitement of sorrows, unexpected as they were bitter, subsided, it is true, but they left a deep impression on his mind that produced a seriousness of thinking, and a gravity of demeanour, which, while they were at variance with his natural cheerfulness, well suited the divine exercise of that profession which he was now (as might be said) for the first time called upon to perform. It served to chasten his temper, and perhaps render him more truly happy than before, for it turned his thoughts wholly to that blessed habitation in which he believed the spirit of Eliza to be, and where he fixed his hopes of eternal existence hereafter. Devotion to his sacred office became fervent in him, and although he remained but a fortnight on duty at Lisbon, he gained the highest esteem and respect from both officers and soldiers for the unremitting zeal with which he attended to their spiritual wants. Unlike some military chaplains who have looked more to their own pleasures than to their divine calling, he was assiduous in his attentions on all those who needed them. The church service was not gabbled

over, nor retailed as a task, but impressively delivered and devoutly felt. The soldiers were privately exhorted to their religious duties, and the hospital was visited, not with a hurried step and an unquiet aspect, but with a sweet resignation to labour in the field of sorrow, and give consolation to the sufferers from torturing wounds and wasting disease.

It was on his first visit to the general hospital, that he discovered his honest servant Miles Magoverin. The poor invalid was sitting in silence on the side of his bed, sadly altered both in appearance and in mind. Miles recognized his old master with heartfelt pleasure; but there was no ebullition of joy so characteristic of his usual manners. He pressed the hand which was held out to him, and to the kind inquiries of his benefactor only replied by tears. The orderly of the hospital was present, and in a low voice observed to Mr. Ostin that he thought the patient was "not quite right in his head." This, however, was not the case, unless, indeed, it be considered a weakness of the understanding to feel deeply the stings of unmerited

degradation and to be unable to conceal that feeling.

It has been long considered in the army that when men have been once degraded by the lash, there are few instances of a good result; drunkenness, carelessness, and other worse vices, take possession of the soldier, now no more respected, by either his comrades or his officers: and sometimes a fixed melancholy, or open defiance of all rule, leads to the total ruin of the man who, otherwise treated, might have been a good and happy soldier. These instances are most frequently found amongst men who have been punished wrongfully or too severely; and amongst non-commissioned officers, who have, in addition to the loss of their rank, received a still further punishment by the lash. Miles was not very different from the generality of men: he shared, in common with them, their natural feelings—perhaps a little more acutely than some—therefore was he considered deranged in his intellects by the orderly man, who was one of those beings

"——Which Nature manufactures
When she makes a gross."

Mr. Ostin motioned the orderly to retire, who instantly obeyed, and after a few minutes, Miles, heaving a deep sigh, and fixing his sunken eyes on the clergyman, thus addressed him:—

"O then, Misther Ostin, it's poor Miles that's glad to see you, although it's not Miles himself you see at all."

"How is that!" demanded the reverend gentleman, who, from what the orderly had said, did not perceive the figurative force of the idiomatic words, which so naturally fell from the invalid.

"O my heart is broke, Sir.—I can't get over it at all—for I didn't deserve it," replied Miles.

"Deserve it! tell me what you mean?"

"See here, Sir," continued the soldier, at the same time stripping off the jacket, and a piece of linen which covered his back. "See here how they have served me. To be sure it is well now, but the mark—the *mark* is there, Sir;—an' it will never wear out:—no, nor from poor Miles's heart neither, where it is fixed an' graven—for I did not deserve the disgrace."

"What! then the sentence was not remitted?"

exclaimed Mr. Ostin, with feelings which he could not curb.

"No, indeed, Sir," replied Miles, as he covered his shoulders. "I was kept a prisoner from the time the villain made the charge against me, until we arrived here. Your brother and Misther Allan spoke, an' done everything in the world for me, but Sir Edward flogged me afther all: he gave me a hundred and fifty lashes, an' if it wasn't for the docthor—God reward him!—he would have given me the whole five hundred. Not that I care much about it; for I wish I was shot instead of the disgrace I got—if it wasn't for my poor Kitty——" Here his voice became broken, an a pause followed.

"Your wife is well, Miles: she is staying with my sister at Colonel Raven's, until I return."

"Oh, then, Colonel Raven is a betther man than his step-son: he spoke in my favour to Sir Edward, but he might as well ha' talked to the wall.—Well, God forgive him!—he has broke Miles's heart."

The staff-surgeon, Mr. Ansel, now entered the ward, politely introduced himself to Mr. Ostin,

and offering to show that gentleman the wards of the hospital, as well as some "curious and *delightful* cases of compound fractures," (so he called them,) put an end to his conversation with Miles for that time.

Mr. Ostin, who was not particularly anxious to behold the wounds of the miserable sufferers, who were but too numerous in the hospital, would have declined the invitation, were it not that he wished to cultivate an acquaintance with the staff-surgeon, the officer whose duty must, of course, bring both in contact so frequently. Still, although he felt a slight repugnance on the one hand, he was urged on the other, by the bent of his education, to look into human nature in its most wretched forms. He therefore walked around the hospital, which was the long galleries of St Jeronimo convent, with Mr. Ansel, whose scientific discourse, although somewhat tinged with his ruling passion, operative surgery, nevertheless highly entertained him. The case of Miles, he assured him, was an approaching *melancholia*, the "*remote cause*" of which was the infliction of a flogging; the "*exciting cause*," irritability in the mind, occasioned by reflecting on

the imagined injustice of the punishment; and the "*proximate cause*," a deranged action in the brain, consequent on the preceding causes. He also assured him that it would be very difficult to prevent the disease from becoming fixed, or in terminating in "*tabes mesenterica*," or "*phthisis pulmonalis*."

"There is only one thing," said Mr. Ansel, "that, with such a mind as he possesses, could act specifically."

"What may that be?" eagerly inquired Mr. Ostin.

"A full exoneration from the imputed guilt, and disgrace of the persons who falsely accused him; but that, you know, must be very difficult to come at: yet I think he is innocent of the imputed crime."

Mr. Ostin shook his head in token of affirmation.

"Injuries of the body are sooner healed than those of the mind," said Mr. Ansel. "Now," continued he, pointing to a patient who was sitting in his bed reading, "here is a case of extensive bodily injury. I took off both legs above the knee; they were shattered by a cannon shot at Vimiera — you see the man looks cheerful and

healthy—no despondency there.—How do you find yourself, Collins?"

"Hearty, your honour—all I want now is full diet," replied the young invalid, to whom Mr. Ansel spoke.

"You shall have it, too."

"Thank your honour," returned the patient, apparently as happy as if he had had his legs on.

"All these men," resumed Mr. Ansel, pointing to a line of beds, "are cheerful and happy—yet they are all bad injuries. The only troublesome case I have in this ward is the man you may see on the side of his bed there, with a cup in his hand. He is a Welshman, and is suffering under *nostalgia*: that is, as you may guess by the Greek words of which it is compounded, a longing after his own country. He is very young, and ever since he left Wales the disease has been increasing on him. He sits, or lies, or stands in whatever posture he be placed until he is again moved by the orderly: his eyelids never wink, and he is wholly unconscious of all things around him.—Orderly, how long has that cup been in Watkins' hand?"

"I think it has been about four hours, Sir. I was

down stairs, or I would have taken it from him," replied the orderly.

"This disease, Sir," continued Mr. Ansel, "is only known amongst the people of mountainous countries, particularly Switzerland, when they leave their homes at an early age; and although that which threatens Magoverin is not of the same nature, still both are affections of the mind, and alike difficult of removal. I have galvanized Watkins, and mean to give him the shower bath. I will also galvanize Magoverin, and very shortly, I trust, be enabled to send him to his regiment. You shall see me apply the galvanic fluid, Sir. It is an admirable discovery, and you will be amused with its application."

"Think you it will restore the poor fellow to health, Sir?" demanded Mr. Ostin.

"I do not think it will restore him to perfect health," replied the surgeon, "but it will certainly much assist nature. It will tend to rouse the energies of his nervous system, and thereby serve his digestive organs, which so mainly depend upon nervous influence. But, as I observed before, as long as his mind remains oppressed by the

imagined injustice and disgrace, no medical power can restore him effectually to health."

"It is a pity, Sir," said Mr. Ostin, with a sigh, "that a government so wise and humane as the British, has not yet adopted a proper substitute for the degrading punishment of flogging. It has done away with part of the severity, but English legislators have yet much to do in the modification of this punishment before they can justify their wisdom or their humanity."

"I have often wished that it could be abolished," returned Mr. Ansel, "but I am not yet thoroughly convinced that we can do without it altogether. Some regiments, certainly, have been governed without flogging, but others, it is said, could not exist without it."

"There is something wrong in this, Sir, depend upon it," said the chaplain. "I should like to try an experiment with a regiment in which there are severe and frequent punishments, and with one where there are none or but little."

"Well, Sir, what would you do?"

"Why, Sir, I would make their commanding officers exchange regiments."

"I understand you, Mr. Ostin," observed the surgeon, with not a very dissatisfied look at the chaplain. "You think that a great deal of punishment is occasioned by improper government. Yet I assure you, Sir, it is a difficult task to manage some turbulent spirits."

"Difficult, I'll grant you," replied Mr. Ostin, "but that is all. Are there not other modes of punishing an offender?"

"Yes, many, but none so severe."

"Severe!" exclaimed Mr. Ostin. "I believe it will be granted that, severe as it is, it has failed in reforming in most cases: then if severity be the object, why not adopt a still more cruel mode of punishment with those on whom the lash has failed in its object?"

"True, Sir—very good reasoning," returned the surgeon. "I must say that matters might be managed better. It has often struck me that a certain number—three, we'll say—of punishment battalions, might be established and appointed to serve in some garrison, where mutiny could not be attempted, and to these battalions I would send every man who it was found could not be

managed by an ordinarily mild system: let the turbulent spirit there meet with all the punishment which his case might be supposed to require;—with this understanding, that should he conduct himself so well as to remain two years in the punishment battalion without having been flogged, he should be entitled to claim the privilege of returning to his original regiment. Why, Sir, the very fear of being sentenced to leave his own regiment, and of being transported to one of a criminal character, would operate far more powerfully on the minds of soldiers than the severest flogging: and even should the transportation take place, the man would have a remedy of restoration to his lost honours—namely, in conducting himself well for two years, and thus proving himself worthy of his original station. The severest forms of punishment would thus be gone through without the ruinous consequences of brutal flogging. A new pride would be excited in the soldier—a new chance would open—his very obstinacy would act in making him prove to his comrades that he *could* return without the degradation of the lash."

"The plan, Sir, is worthy of a trial," said the

chaplain; "and you would be doing a service to the government, as well as conferring a most humane favour on the soldiery, by following it. The commander-in-chief, I am sure, would pay every attention to it.—If we consider that the situation of a soldier is an honourable one, is not the punishment of flogging incompatible with it? Does it not tend to demolish that just pride which is so necessary to every man who holds an honourable trust?—O, Sir! it is as impolitic as it is revolting and barbarous, to whip a soldier's back until the blood runs."

"Blood runs!" repeated Mr. Ansel, feeling himself again in the smooth current of professional display. "Ay, Sir, until the flesh flies—until the back of the wretched man is one swollen and lacerated mass—the innumerable arteries, veins, and nerves of that extensive surface rent, torn open by knotted whip-cord—left, Sir, in a state of extreme danger and intense suffering; for, with the blows of the lash, neither the one nor the other terminates. Often, very often have I seen violent and extensive inflammation, long and loathsome suppuration, and sometimes frightful mortification, succeed

a flogging, confining the sufferer to a miserable bed, for weeks, when he could not relieve himself for a moment by moving into a second posture, and the chance of death not at all remote. Are these consequences contemplated in the sentence of his punishment?—*Could* they be with a civilized people? From my situation, as a military surgeon, I have been obliged to witness the worst side of this punishment, and I assure you, that where the back suppurates or mortifies—and it is no very unfrequent occurrence—the government owes the sufferer what it never can pay him, be his crime what it may.—I would not suffer the torture of it for the wealth of India."

"This danger, I presume, is passed in Magoverin's case?" said the chaplain, with a little anxiety.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Ansel, "there is no active danger now; but, you see, Sir, even in this case, where the back is healed the punishment is not at an end—no, nor the danger of death: that is, it may terminate in a lingering, and incurable disease. But you shall see him galvanized. I have great hopes of doing him considerable service: I shall bring the apparatus for the operation to-morrow, and you shall see it done."

Mr. Ostin thanked the staff-surgeon, and after some further conversation, in which mutual invitations to each other's quarters passed, they separated.

In a few days they became very intimate acquaintances; for, on comparing notes, Mr. Ansel found that he had known Mr. Ostin some years back, when the former was quartered in Dublin, and doing duty at the Royal Hospital. They had dined together at the mess of his brother's regiment, shortly previous to the insurrection of 1803. This, with a similarity of tastes in science and literature, united them in social friendship.

Mr. Ostin having applied to be attached to the division to which his brother and Redmond Allan belonged, was accordingly ordered to join it; and as Miles was now in a tolerable state of health, although not of mind, he was permitted to go to his regiment along with Mr. Ostin, instead of marching with a detachment; so two horses and a mule having been purchased by the clergyman, as well as panniers well stocked with those comforts which were not to be got with the army he was about to join, he proceeded on his route, attended

by Miles and a Portuguese servant, both taking alternate rides on their reverend master's "second charger"—the pony, who now, for the first time in his life, found travelling something more than pleasure; but he was in good condition, and as well able to bear the approaching campaign as the larger horse on which his master rode.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Instead of their vines they have glistening lines
Of the foemen's steel;
And the plough-share that tills their fertile hills
Is the cannon's wheel.
Each night there's a blaze, but it gives no rays
To the village feast;
Ah! no, 'tis a brand in the spoiler's hand
Lighting a waste.
But the men that fled from th' invader's tread
Still hover nigh:
From the hill and the rock for blood they look
With an eagle's eye.

The army which marched from Lisbon under the command of Sir John Moore, although new in the field, was not on that account the less inefficient. Clothed and equipped in the best possible manner; admirably disciplined; healthy; high in spirits; and eager to grapple with the best soldiers

of France—it presented a force which under more fortunate circumstances would have succeeded in giving liberty to Spain. It would have formed a nucleus around which might have gathered all the scattered energies of that unhappy country, had not political disunion, mistrust, treachery, and petty ambition, interposed their evil influence.

This army, burning to meet the conquerors of Marengo and of Austerlitz, boldly pushed on into the heart of Leon, and arrived at Toro as effective as when it quitted the hills of Lisbon. Here Sir John Moore, from motives of well founded prudence, determined to pause until he could ascertain the real state of affairs at Madrid, which he soon afterwards accomplished; not through the light thrown upon them by Mr. Hookham Frere, the British plenipotentiary then in the Spanish capital, nor yet from the Spanish metropolitan junta, but from intercepted despatches and private sources of information. Had he attended to the treacherous solicitations of Morla, one of the leaders of that junta, and to the earnest entreaties of Mr. Frere, which seconded them, his little army would not only have failed in its object, but would have been annihilated.

These advisers urged him (happily in vain) to push on directly upon Madrid, at a time when that city was already sold to the French. Morla well knew this: and if Mr. Frere were ignorant of it, or, at least, of the inevitable consummation of the perfidious contract, he proved himself an improper person to advise the British General on the affairs of the campaign. The Spanish armies under Blake, Castanos, and the young Count Blevedere had been successively routed by the victorious invaders, the way was cleared and laid open to Madrid, and Berthier was under her walls when these solicitations were showered on Sir John Moore, who could look to no support beyond his little army of Englishmen, except, indeed, to the force under the Marquis of Romana, composed of ragged and starving soldiers, undisciplined, ill-affected, and harassed with previous defeat.

A corps of the French army, under Marshal Soult, was at Saldanha, on the river Carrion, which was not more than thirty leagues from Toro. Sir John Moore determined on approaching it, and to act then according to circumstances: he might either turn his advance towards Madrid, or

towards Soult. Accordingly, he determined to move forward; and it was connected with this advance that the talents of Redmond Allan became known and valued by the general.

It was the custom with Redmond, during the march, to make sketches of those places which appeared to him worthy of thus noting; and these were executed in so masterly a style as to draw forth the admiration of the few of his acquaintances who were favoured with a sight of them. As Redmond was a good military draughtsman as well as an enthusiast in the profession of arms, he, in the course of his sketches, had noted down several places which were well calculated for good military positions, and had written his remarks in the margin of the drawings. His friend, Captain Ostin, shewed these performances to his commanding-officer—not Major Sir Edward Vandeleur, who could see no talents in those he disliked, nor to Major Pommel, who was as little of a connoisseur in the arts as the animal on which he rode—but to Colonel Howard, who was the warm admirer of military merit, as well as the sterling judge of it.

The veteran colonel, contrary to the expectation of

Sir Edward, had joined the regiment at Salamanca, perfectly restored to health. He had set out from England for the army the moment he became able so to do; and, having arrived at Oporto, there learnt the probable route which Sir John Moore would take. He thus joined his regiment on the march, much to the delight of those members of the corps, privates as well as officers, who wished for unanimity and peace amongst themselves.

Colonel Howard had served with Sir John Moore in Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and now was the respected friend of the general. An officer, competent to assist by a superior pencil in a survey of the ground immediately in front of Soult's position, was wanting, and the colonel, knowing Redmond's abilities in military drawing, recommended him for the appointment. The general wished to see the young draughtsman, and the colonel presented Redmond to him.

The apartment into which Allan was led by his commanding officer, for the purpose of being introduced to Sir John Moore, was on the ground floor of a miller's house, spacious, but encumbered

with the utensils of the owner's trade, and miserably furnished. A particularly mild-looking and handsome man, apparently of about thirty-five years of age, was seated alone at a crazy oak table, gazing on a map which was spread before him. This was the commander of the forces. He was in his marching uniform — a plain blue frock coat over all—and bespattered with mud from head to foot; for the roads of that day's march which the army had gone, were very heavy, owing to the incessant rain that had fallen for the two preceding days. He was deeply intent upon the subject before him: his brow seemed oppressed, and his face pale with the fatigue of thinking. Although he had directed his aid-de-camp to shew in the colonel and Redmond Allan, he continued to gaze on the map; and, when they entered, replied to the former's complimentary inquiries, without raising his eyes, adding,

"Sit down, sit down, Howard. I shall be ready to speak to you directly."

However, a few moments only elapsed, when the general arose, and in the most cordial manner shook his friend the colonel by the hand.

"Permit me to introduce to you, general, one of my young officers, Mr. Allan."

Redmond bowed, and felt somewhat agitated; but the affability and sincerity of heart which the manners of the chief displayed, at once restored him to his self-possession.

"I have heard of your talents, Mr. Allan, from my friend Colonel Howard," said the general; "and I hope they will prove as serviceable to yourself as to your country."

"My greatest ambition, general, is that they may be devoted to the service of my country and to your's," replied the young officer.

Sir John Moore then requested both to be seated, and proceeded to open a portfolio, from which he took several drawings and plans; these he placed before Redmond Allan and the colonel, and having then sat down, commenced to expatiate on their merits and defects: discussion followed, and the result was, that Sir John was highly pleased with the promise given by the abilities of the young subaltern, while Colonel Howard felt all the satisfaction which could attend desired success.

Young Allan was already a favourite with the

general; he received his promise to appoint him to the quarter-master-general's department forthwith; and as the colonel and he took their leave, Sir John requested that both would dine with him, after the following day's march, on soldier's fare, when he would give full instructions to Redmond what particular duty he wished him to perform.

Next day Redmond's name was in orders as acting deputy assistant quarter-master-general, and the young officer having dined according to appointment with the commander of the forces, received his instructions to proceed to the river Carrion, in front of Sahagun, accompanied by an engineer officer, and attended by two dragoons and a Spanish guide, there to take certain drawings and plans. He was furnished with one of Sir John's best horses, and ordered to start at two hours before day-break the following day.

With a caution from Captain Ostin not to go too close to the French lines, and a hearty shake of the hand, Redmond mounted, and set out on his new duty, through roads as dark and dreary as any December night could render them: the only means of keeping the road correctly was the

tingling of the guide's little bridle bells which ornamented the head of his mule.

At the end of the day's march, which was prolonged until four o'clock in the afternoon, they found themselves in the centre of the advanced cavalry, which was under the command of Lord Paget, and two days more brought them to a village, which they entered under cover of the dusk of the evening, and which was close to the banks of the river. On the opposite side of this river were posted the advanced sentinels of the French, but covered by small hills and wood from the view of the enemy.

This village was deserted by the inhabitants—every house was tenantless. It was situated on a little hill, and could command a tolerably extensive view. From a dilapidated house, into which Redmond and the officer whom he accompanied cautiously crept to take up their quarters for the night, they could see the fires of the French camp, at the distance of a mile, on a range of heights to the left; and by the help of the telescope perceived the soldiers standing between them and the blaze, but nothing more—all else was darkness.

The horses were all put up, and the dragoons, as well as the guide, enjoyed themselves at a blazing fire made by planks of wood procured in no very ceremonious manner by the latter, who, being well acquainted with every spot in the village, knew where to put his hand upon whatever could be of use to himself or his comrades. In an inner room sat the two officers, regaling themselves with a canteen of wine before a bright and cheering fire, and arranging their plan of proceeding for the following day. Sufficient care was taken to obviate the chance of being discovered by the French sentinels from the light of their hearths, and having sat in conversation till midnight, they posted one dragoon outside the house to prevent alarm, ordering the other to relieve him every hour; and wrapping their cloaks around them, lay down on some clean straw, procured after great labour by the guide, opposite the embers at which they had sat. Having listened to the occasional challenge of the French sentinels, which the stillness of night permitted them to hear, and thought of those scenes that usually brighten on the soldier's pillow when he shuts his eyes for rest, they fell

into a sound sleep, which they enjoyed until an hour before day-break, when they were suddenly aroused by the call of the dragoons. They started up, and were already half informed of the cause of the intrusion by the countenances and manner of the soldiers, for the embers still burned brightly and lent sufficient light to the apartment. A few words acquainted them fully with the cause of alarm —several horse soldiers were at that moment in the village.

Redmond ran to the window, and looking out saw, by the light of the moon, which had dimly arisen, six mounted troopers, riding at a deliberate walk towards the cottage in which they stood. Whether the troopers saw Redmond, or took a fancy to the quarter which he occupied, is not certain; but scarcely had he withdrawn his head from the window and seized his pistols, when they rode up to the door and halted. The clattering of the horses' hoofs, the accoutrements, and the arms, mingled with the voices of the men at the door, now convinced Redmond and his friend that a French patrole* had surprised them, and all in the cottage determined to make the most of their situation, and defend

themselves to the last before they would submit to be made prisoners. All the fire-arms were immediately loaded, and the two dragoons posted at one window, while Redmond and the other officer took up their position at another, the guide assisting generally as well as he was able. Two carbines and two pistols were about to cover their men—another instant would have killed or disabled four of the troopers outside, when one of them fortunately cried out—

"Abra el porto Pysano."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed the guide, "they are Spaniards—they are Guerillas—don't fire."

This information was a relief to all parties. The guide thrust his head out of the window, and accosted the mounted men in Spanish; informing them that two English officers on duty, occupied the house. To this, however, the Guerillas replied, that if so, they had only to appear, and no further trouble should be given. The officers now directed the door to be opened, fuel was thrown on the fire in order to produce a thorough light, and the Guerillas dismounted to inspect the interior of the house.

To Redmond's eye the appearance of the strangers seemed the personification of all that he had read in romance about Spanish and Italian banditti. Their dresses consisted of brown cloth, or olive velveteen jackets, cut in the Moorish fashion, very short behind, and ornamented with a profusion of small convex white metal buttons; the sleeves tight, and united at the shoulders by red laces; the front open, displaying a closely fitted cloth or camlet or leathern waistcoat. About their waists were thickly folded red worsted sashes, and broad leathern belts; their breeches were of brown cloth, short, tight, and laced at the knees with red tape. Some wore boots, broad and wrinkled at the top; others brown stockings, with drab leathern sandals, secured by broad red tape, which was crossed handsomely and highly upon the leg. Their heads were enveloped in red cotton kerchiefs, the ends of which hung down behind; and over the kerchief some wore a helmet, formerly French, but now the prize of the wearer—others the high, taper, black Spanish hat, ornamented by several circles of red tape, and the longest feathers of the cock-pheasant's wing; over their shoulders, scarf-like, hung the striped Moorish

blanket; each man's hair was plaited into a long tail; their faces were half covered by dark thick mustachios and whiskers; their necks were bare; and they were well provided with arms, which, however, were more remarkable for ability and temper than for elegance or uniformity.

As soon as the Guerillas saw the British uniforms of the officers and dragoons, they all placed their left hands to their brows in respectful salute, (their right hands held their naked sabres,) and apologised for their intrusion. Redmond and his companion received them with good humour; and, having ordered wine for their refreshment, entered into conversation with their chief in the French language, which was mutually understood.

The Guerilla leader was a man beyond the meridian of life, but a hardy and active warrior, and by his manners soon shewed that he had been bred in better society than his present compatriots. The English officers, therefore, felt disposed to pay as much attention to him as was in their power. They led him to the best apartment in the house, and, having directed that the fire should be well replenished, sat down with their guest, to enjoy a

breakfast, which, considering the desolation and ruin that surrounded their quarters, might be justly called a luxurious one. The men in the outer apartment enjoyed themselves too—they formed a club breakfast; chocolate, on the one hand, furnished by the Spaniards, and ration beef, with "grog soup," added by the English dragoons, gave them an ample and agreeable repast. The faggot crackled loudly, and burnt brightly in the hearth; the chocolate smoked in the horn cups; the brown beef, wedded to the white biscuit, delighted the jaws of the troopers, while the spirit of the canteen tickled their tongues. Their horses housed, their pistols loaded, a happier set of fellows never existed under the nose of an enemy—for in that situation they might be fairly said to be.

During the discussion of the breakfast, the leader of the Guerillas informed the English officers that he had, on the preceding day, at the head of thirty of his band, cut off a foraging party of French dragoons; then pointed to the huge cocked hat that he had thrown from his head, observing that it had belonged to the officer who commanded it. His duty, he said, was an independent

one; his name was Don Julian de Alvarez; he commanded six hundred Guerillas, and followed his own will in whatever way he fancied to make his attacks. He was now, he said, proceeding, with only six of his men, to observe how Soult's extreme left lay, having heard that he meant to push across the river. He had been a respectable landholder in the province of Leon, when the French invaded his country and brought consequent ruin down upon him. He then took the field, and headed the peasants of his neighbourhood: success had followed him, and he had already, he said, spilled as much French blood as satisfied him for all his losses.

"I now," said he, "continue my calling for pleasure, and will never cease while a French soldier shall continue to bear arms in my country; or else this trunk shall be thrown to manure the fields which it failed to protect."

The information which he gave to the officers considerably facilitated the object of their enterprize: he described the ground minutely to them, and instructed the guide the road to take to a height within half a mile, where they could not

be possibly surprised; and, above all, assured them that he should receive full intelligence from Madrid the ensuing night, as one of his band was expected, disguised as a peasant, and that the result should be communicated to Sir John Moore, by himself, as soon as a swift Andalusian horse could carry him to the head-quarters of the English army.

"Tell Sir John Moore," said he, "that the force of Soult is considerably inferior to his own. I have been in his camp; I have passed, myself, through the whole of his position—have examined his supplies, his equipments, and his numbers. Disguised as a friar, I have spoken to Soult himself, and have received his gold for my promise to bring him news of the English army; which I trust *shall* be brought him when he least expects it, in the form of British bayonets and Spanish sabres."

"Look," continued he, as he loosed from his head the kerchief in which it was wrapped, "look at my religious tonsure; my crown is well shaven. Am I not a venerable looking friar? Ah! had the French general known to what *order* I really belong, he would have given me but little time to

pray. But I have outwitted him: I have learned the disposition of his forces, and with you I entrust the conveyance of the information to your general. Tell him that the extent of Soult's numbers is eighteen thousand only, seven thousand of which are at Saldanha, five thousand at Carrion, and the remainder posted along the river: an advanced body of his cavalry is stationed scarcely half a mile from this house:—but here is a paper on which the full details are written: give it to the general, with the best wishes of Don Julian."

Redmond, returning thanks to the Guerilla, took the paper, and promised to deliver it to the general.

The twilight was now growing into a lighter grey, but the morning's fog gave security against observation from the enemy. The Guerillas turned out: their chief shook hands with the officers, examined the priming of his pistols, mounted, and, at the head of his little band, rode slowly down the slope of the hill. They were immediately out of sight.

Redmond proceeded, with the engineer officer and the guide, followed by the dragoons, to the spot to which the Guerilla chief had recommended them; and having measured a narrow lane covered

from the sight of the enemy by a hill and a small wood, they gained in safety the place of observation. The horses were now staked at the foot of the hill, and a fire prepared by the dragoons and guide ready for cooking, while the two officers were executing their commission. Two houses, one without a roof, stood near the foot of the hill, and in that which was covered from the weather, a temporary table was erected, on which, after a dinner of ration beef and Spanish bread, the officers passed the afternoon of that day in finishing their operations on paper, their sentries havingbeen previously posted at such points as seemed necessary, in order to prevent a surprise from the enemy.

About an hour before dusk the dragoons informed the officers that they could see on their right a party of Guerillas riding towards them, and Redmond having ran to the top of the hill, beheld them within some hundred yards of him, winding through a narrow lane, and roughly leading a foot soldier, who was tied at a few yards length of rope to one of their horses' tails.

As the object of their expedition was accomplished, the officers mounted, and, ordering the

dragoons to follow them, proceeded down towards the road by which the Guerillas passed, and, when they had gone about half a mile, overtook them in an open space of ground, surrounded by small hills nearly covered with wood, and in the centre of which ran a narrow stream: a bold and broken face of a hill arose on the left, and, at the base of this hill, the road turned short, and was lost to the view.

Here they beheld the Guerillas who had so surprised them in the morning. Their horses were covered with mud, and themselves not very free from a similar disfiguration. They were dismounted, and in the act of tying to a tree a French grenadier, whom, it appeared, they had surprised and carried off, and their intention now was, first to extort from him what information they could, and then, no doubt, sabre him as he stood.

The unfortunate grenadier was bleeding considerably from a wound he had received on the head from the Guerillas when defending himself against them, and they informed Redmond that he had fought desperately before he was overpowered by their numbers. His head was bare, and bald

on the crown; but thick dark locks hung in a bushy mass on each side, and an ample, black, and curled beard covered his chin and the greatest part of his jaws. His eyes were dark, shaded, and penetrating, and his fine forehead gave a noble finish to his manly face. He appeared to be about forty years of age, and, from the undaunted resolution which was fixed on his brow, it might be judged that the danger in which he then stood was either familiar to him, or that he looked upon such as the chance of war, which he had been long and well prepared to meet. His uniform jacket was blue, faced with red, and ornamented with two red and bushy worsted epaulettes: across his shoulders were broad white belts, one bearing a cartouch-box, but the other nothing, the Guerillas having taken from it his sword: his stock was black; his trowsers grey, seamed with two broad red stripes at each side—his feet bare, and bleeding from having walked over rough stones, for they had stripped off his gaiters and shoes when they tied him to one of their horses' tails;—yet, thus situated, the brave soldier stood as uprightly and firmly as the tree against which he was tied; and to the questions which the

chief of the Guerillas put to him in French, he replied in the same language—

"I am a soldier, and cannot betray."

"If you do not give us the information we demand, you die," observed the chief.

"I hope," returned the grenadier, "that Spaniards do not murder their prisoners of war when they cannot make them traitors to their colours."

"It is not murder to kill you Frenchmen," retorted the chief; "for you have robbed us of all we possessed—burnt our houses—slaughtered our aged fathers—our women, and children."

"I have only fought you in the field, and all I ask is the treatment of a soldier who is your disarmed prisoner."

Redmond now addressed the chief of the Guerillas in French, and forcibly endeavoured to alter his intention from destroying the soldier. This at first had little effect; but the energy with which the youth pleaded for the prisoner, staggered the Guerilla's resolution. There was a spirit in the words of Redmond which they could not misunderstand. The British were four to six Spaniards, it is true; but even that disparity of proportion might not be taken much into account, if the

Guerillas should remain obstinate. Redmond concluded his address by a resolute protest against the meditated act, as an ally of Spain—an act at which he declared he should feel himself culpable should he be present. A final appeal to the honour of a Spaniard, backed by a few pithy observations from the other officer, operated so well on the chief, that he made a merit of necessity, and told the British officers that, out of respect to them and their nation, he would not sabre the grenadier.

The countenance of the poor prisoner beamed a look of the deepest gratitude at Redmond and his companion, as he shook his bleeding head and bowed it on his breast, exclaiming, with a tone that went to their hearts as directly as it came from his—

"*Brave Anglais!*"

"Mount!" roared a Guerilla, who had posted himself at the point where the road turned from the open space, and who, at the word, gallopped towards the party. There was a fearful intelligence in the sound of his voice.

In an instant all were horsed except the prisoner, who still remained fastened to the tree

to which the Spaniards had bound him. The beating of horses' hoofs against the turf was now distinctly heard, and in a moment afterwards ten or twelve French hussars appeared moving towards them, round the base of the broken hill, at a brisk trot. Their officer formed them into line without halting for a moment, and gave the word "charge," on which they spurred into a gallop, shouting as they advanced fiercely towards the surprised party. The Guerillas stood their ground for a moment; and as the determined enemy approached almost to sabres' length, fired their pistols steadily at the line; then wheeling in an instant, gallopped away in all directions, leaving Redmond, the other officer, and the two British dragoons, to stand the charge. This they stood manfully: the superior strength of the English horses overthrew two of the French without a blow, and both, with their riders, rolled on the ground. The Guerillas, in dividing as they did, had no idea of flight: the movement was common with them in opposing superior cavalry; and nothing could be better conceived, for it had the effect of completely separating the hussars, and giving each Spaniard a

single-handed fight, as well as of drawing away from the Englishmen a force which must have overcome them. The Spaniards having gained the object of the movement, returned each to his man, and fought, as they uniformly did, with great gallantry, while the English were soon obliged to seek for objects on which to use their sabres—they had more work in pursuing one and the other of the hussars than applying their arms. Redmond having gallopped somewhat too far from the centre of the place of action in pursuit of his assailant, whom he had already wounded in the face, was attacked by two who were retreating from the field; but his staunch horse, his powerful arm, and his boundless courage, maintained an advantageous fight. He was an expert swordsman, and although the two horsemen who now closed with him were far from being deficient in the art of using their sabres, he cut one down by a wound on the neck, at which the other fled to take refuge with his still fighting comrades, chased by his heroic conqueror.

When the two hussars and their horses fell at the onset, the animals lay stunned, while their

riders, seeing the grenadier tied to a tree near them, proceeded instantly to unbind him. There were soon spare horses for them, and the three availed themselves of seizing one each, whose riders were either killed or wounded. They dashed at the Spaniards, and, amongst all the French, none were so terrific as the wounded grenadier: he was seen, apparently frantic, dealing his blows amongst the Spaniards, who seemed impulsively to avoid him—now pursuing one, now another, but, from the activity of the Guerillas' horses, killing none; until, seeing his comrades dropping on all sides, he was compelled to fly along with the few who remained effective in the now unequal combat. Six hussars lay on the ground, with one Spaniard wounded by the grenadier; and were it not that the Guerillas became more anxious to secure the French horses which were without riders, and strip the dead and wounded, as soon as they saw they had the game in their own hands, not a single man would have returned to Soult's camp. As it now was, several, together with the grenadier, effected their escape by gallopping as fast as the horses could go towards their own lines, to within a few hun-

dred yards of which their victorious foes pursued them. The race was short, and the French had good odds; therefore they were not overtaken. The wounded grenadier, bleeding as he was, could be seen, as he gallopped gallantly on with the hussars across the ford and up the opposite hill, cheering and waving his hand to them; and it was not without feelings of pleasure that the English saw the brave fellow safe.

When Redmond returned to the scene of action, he found every Frenchman stripped of his clothes, and dead: whether they had been killed in the fight, or afterwards, he could not tell; but, from the circumstance of some of the hussars' throats being cut, he surmised that they had been only wounded in the battle, but killed in cold blood when it was over.

To remain longer within a much greater distance from the French lines than they now were, must be dangerous, as the hussars who escaped would report the affair, and it was therefore probable that a strong force would be sent out in search of the Guerillas; consequently, the British officers, with their dragoons, moved towards their own

head-quarters; while the Spaniards, with their wounded, their prize-horses, and their plunder, took a road through a valley which ran parallel with the river Carrion, cheering and exulting as they went, and continuing to wave their hats and helmets to the English as long as they were in sight.

## CHAPTER XIX

Dreary night and toilsome day,
Mark the soldier's battle way;
Hungry, thirsty—on, still on,
Till his task or life be done;
Reckless how rough his road may be,
So it but lead to victory.

Redmond and his companion having ridden two long days' marches back towards the English army, arrived at head-quarters, which they found at Salamanca. In their way, as they approached that town, they overtook several regiments moving towards the rear, and from them learnt that the out-posts which they had formed were now called in, and that the army was about to retreat. They could not help noticing the appearance of disappointed hopes which manifested itself through the ranks,

as they passed them. Both officers and men wore a gloom on their countenances that told fully what they felt at being now ordered to turn from the enemy without firing a single shot at him; and, as those of whom Redmond made inquiries answered his questions, they added a gratuitous remark or ironical smile, which could not be misunderstood. The men, as they trudged over the muddy roads, with a firm but sluggish step, did not, as was their custom on the advance, joke, or chat, or sing, or cheer each other; but kept either sullen silence, or spoke but to sneer at the folly that had brought them into the heart of Spain only to bring them back again—to make them, as some emphatically said, "smell their meat with a muzzle on." Still they had confidence in their general; they loved and respected him; it was not on his head they laid the fault, but on those who had, from ignorance, wilfulness, or carelessness, thrown obstacles in the way of their commander. Yet there were many who regretted that Sir John Moore had not, some time before, advanced at once to Madrid, and thus tried the hearts of the people as well as the bayonets of the advanced enemy. However, be it as it may,

the general did his best: he was courageous, but he was cautious; and perhaps had his caution been exerted so as to have kept him on the frontiers of Portugal until an opportunity had arrived to give him a more defined object for his operations; or, having advanced as he did, had his courage urged him to strike with a rapid and decisive hand, affairs might have turned out better than they had done; but, after all, to speak of the future and the past are two very different things: we can all see, when an event has taken place, where its weakness has been; but few, if any, can prevent such weakness by foresight. Had *the great master of the field* failed at Waterloo, those tongues that now laud so deservedly the cool courage, the apt decision, the valiant daring, and the profound skill of its hero, would be found to dribble upon his merits the most unworthy foulness.

Redmond lost not a moment in laying before Sir John Moore the results of his mission, with which the general felt highly satisfied. The young officer also reported the information given him by the Guerilla chief, and placed the paper with which he was entrusted by Don Julian in his hands;

on reading which the general became anxious and agitated. He inquired eagerly of Redmond whether he thought the informant might be depended on, and made him repeat the information over and over again.

In the midst of this conversation, a figure, enveloped in a huge brown cloak, and half covered with spatters from the road, entered the apartment, shewn in by an aid-de-camp of the general's, and having bowed to Sir John, seized the hand of Redmond and greeted him warmly.

"This is the gentleman, Sir John," exclaimed Redmond, "to whom you are indebted for the information."

It was the Guerilla chief who stood before them—and the anxious general manifested, by his expressive countenance, how happy he felt at the Spaniard's visit.

"General," said the Guerilla, in French, "I have ridden twenty leagues to deliver into your Excellency's own hands these papers which I intercepted. My name is Julian de Alvarez, and I command six hundred Spaniards."

Upon this the countenance of the anxious general

became brightened in the highest degree; he opened the despatches, and having perused them, thanked the Guerilla most warmly for his services.

"We may yet advance, Sir," exclaimed the chief, as he proceeded to re-read the papers.

"May it please your excellency," observed the Guerilla, "I would offer, if permitted, an observation on that point."

"Certainly, my friend—proceed," returned the general, as he handed the Guerilla a chair, and waved his hand to Redmond to be also seated.

"Then let your excellency be cautious how you advance to the capital. Trust not Morla. I fear he has already sold Madrid to the French."

"But," observed the general, "these papers say that the French dread my advance to Madrid."

"I have better information," returned Don Julian. "Yesterday, at sunrise, one of my men, whom I had despatched in disguise to watch the advance of the French, returned and informed me that Napoleon, with seventy thousand men, is at Burgos, and about to push down upon Madrid."

Sir John Moore now paused, and his countenance

fell. He arose from his chair, paced the apartment a few moments, and then said—

"I will satisfy myself of the true state of the case. I will dispatch an officer to Madrid."

"If your excellency do so, let the officer not take the direct road: I have been that way and found it dangerous. I will gladly send a faithful guide with him by a safe but circuitous route."

Sir John thanked the Guerilla, and accepted his offer. He then demanded if the force which Soult possessed was correctly laid down in the papers given by him to Redmond Allan, and Don Julian having assured the chief of its authenticity, exclaimed—

"Would that your excellency might turn your thoughts towards attacking him before he can receive support."

The general was silent and thoughtful. After a few moments he started up, warmly thanked the Guerilla, and requested he would immediately provide the guide for the officer he was about to dispatch to Madrid. The Spaniard offered to ride with him himself for five leagues, and then provide the guide. An aid-de-camp was now sent for

Colonel Graham, who in a few minutes arrived, and received orders and instructions to proceed to the capital forthwith. Redmond having received once more the thanks of Sir John Moore, with directions to attend him early next morning, took his leave, while the Guerilla, in company with Colonel Crawford, set out at once from the town.

Salamanca was this day crowded with soldiers, from the circumstance of the out posts having been ordered in, preparatory to the intended retreat; and one of the regiments which had entered the town just as Redmond had concluded his interview with the commander of the forces, was his own, of which he was agreeably informed by the quarter-master's sergeant, whom he met accidentally, and whom he ordered to conduct him to the corps.

Although it was late in the day, the regiment had but just marched in, owing to the heaviness of the roads, and Redmond arrived at the convent where it was to be quartered, and before which it was drawn up, just as the colonel was dismissing the men. Here his late fatigues were repaid by the happy meeting of his friends. The hearty shake of the hand from Gerrard, the chaplain,

Colonel Howard, and others of his brother officers, made him feel that the soldier's home is his regiment.

The baggage mules were just in sight moving up the street at their easy pace, all of one colour—that of the road; and Mrs. Pommel, mounted on a tall white English horse with highly pointed hips and rat tail, was seen heading the line of baggage, her precious body enveloped in an oil-skin cloak, that just reached to the saddle, and her head sunk into her oldest riding hat, now covered with a case of the same material. These, with a white cravat in which her chin was *interred*, gave her an aspect not unlike one of the commissariat drivers who were attached to the army under Lord Wellington in 1813. Indeed, many of the Spaniards, as she approached, were evidently employed in gravely disputing about her gender, which, judging from her surface, they might have fairly fixed as epicene.

By particular exertion she persuaded her charger into a trot, and joined the officers before the convent gate. With a gay air she nodded to one; condescended a "how d'ye do?" to Redmond; and, in the same breath, roared out to the persecuted Pommel,

"Why do you stand there, Major P.? Here comes the baggage, and I cannot make the Portuguese servant understand a word. Do send some of the men to him; I want it unloaded directly."

Mrs. Pommel had taken a fancy to hire a Portuguese at Lisbon, and his duty on the march was to attend her two mules. The major instantly obeyed his wife's word of command, and brought the servant, with his string of animals, heavily laden, up to the gate. It so happened, however, that she missed her hat-box from the baggage as it approached, on which she became greatly alarmed, demanding loudly of the Portuguese *criado* where was the absent box; but received in reply only a national shrug of the shoulders, and a "*Noa intende, Senhora.*"

"No intend! no intend!—Nonsense!—I say, where is the hat-box, sirrah?" demanded Mrs. Pommel.

The same answer was repeated.

"Major P., Major P., do you understand Portuguese?—No, you don't; you understand no language," exclaimed the irritated lady.

"My dear love," placidly replied the major,

" I will find a man in a moment who will interpret for you."

Then running—no, not quite running—but in a sort of amble, for he was too much fatigued to exert his legs to any greater extent, he proceeded to look amongst the soldiers who were now waiting for the delivery of their rations from the commissary in order to find a man sufficiently learned in the Portuguese language, to set the matter of the hat-box at rest. At length he found one—a most extraordinary fellow—a man who, to use his own phrase, " could do any thing in the world that any other man in the world could do," except abstain from suffusing his nose with an odious purple hue.—It was no other than acting Drum-major Gregory Stubbs.

" Here, Mrs. Pommel, my dear—this man speaks Portuguese," said the major.

" Ha, very well.—Can you speak Portuguese, Sir?" demanded the impatient lady.

" Yes, *your honour*," replied the confused Gregory, but immediately corrected his words with " *your ladyship*, I mean."

" Well, tell this man that he must take one of

the mules, and go back to the *Posada*, where we stopped for refreshment, and fetch the hat-box which I now recollect I left behind, after I took the oilskin out of it."

"Very well, Ma'am," said Gregory, drawing himself up to a stiff salute; and then seizing the arm of the Portuguese in order to explain matters, he proceeded to the interpretation.

"O, Senhor!" exclaimed he.

"Senhor?" replied the criado.

"You rivo the mulo there, up the roado, and gallop as fast as ever you can to the Posado; and then rivo backo with Senhora's hat-boxo."

"Do you call that jargon Portuguese, you wretch!" exclaimed the now half frantic majoress. "Be gone, brute; I have a great mind to have you confined."

Then, turning to the major, she exclaimed,

"*You*'ll be the death of me."

"My dear love, I—I—I'll run for it myself, if you wish; or I'll send one of the men," mildly replied the major.

Fortunately for him, however, as well as for the criado, the hat-box now made its appearance in the

hands of a corporal, who had lagged a little behind the regiment on the march, from having worn tight shoes. Thus the matter ended.

It was now four o'clock, and the short December's day fastly closing, as Redmond, accompanied by Colonel Howard and the Ostins, entered the gates of the romantic building in which eight hundred men were to sleep that night. Of the religious inhabitants to whom it properly belonged, they only caught a glimpse of a venerable monk, creeping from behind one of the lofty pillars which supported the covered walks that ran on each side of an open square; and he, as soon as he found he was perceived by some of the soldiers who were cooking their rations near him, fled in alarm. The whole interior of the building was now metamorphosed by war into a barrack; and instead of the murmuring prayer and deep toned anthem, the loud laugh, the hoarse command, the roar, and the imprecation, echoed from hundreds of voices. The open space in the centre was covered with fires, at which the hungry soldiers cooked their ration beef, scarcely yet thoroughly dead; the holy cells were filled with knapsacks, arms, and bundles of straw; weary

women and children lay about beneath the arches awaiting their coarse morsel, half burnt from the fire; and groups of merry soldiers quaffed their rum to the memory of the priests of St. Francisco, then peered about the building, to see if they could pick up a gold or silver relic of the holy patron, wherewith to purchase, when their canteen should be empty, a further supply of the inspiring spirit. The horses, mules, muleteers, and baggage were placed in the stables belonging to the convent, and the best apartments of the building of course were marked out by the quarter-master's chalk for the officers, according to their relative degrees of rank.

Redmond and the officers along with him walked through the arches of the venerable pile, and were about to pass into the chapel belonging to it, when the colonel espied one of the men sitting on his knapsack at a part of the building remote from where his comrades were employed in preparing their refreshment. The man seemed melancholy, and expressed his sensations by rocking his body from one side to the other, his hands clenched and between his knees. The officers approached him, and discovered that it was Miles Magoverin.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you see who it is, Ostin?"

"Yes—still in that wretched, desponding state. Yet he marched his day's march, and mounted guard yesterday very well," observed Captain Ostin.

"I fear nothing on earth will restore that man," observed the chaplain. "I believe I explained to you, colonel, what the staff-surgeon, in whose charge he was at Lisbon, said on that subject?"

"Yes," replied the colonel; "but I think I may do something with him yet. I intend to make him a serjeant, and I'll now tell him so. We shall see what effect that will have."

Colonel Howard at this moment went over to Magoverin, followed by the other officers; and, on seeing them, Miles rose up and stood at the salute, smiling a kind greeting to Redmond, in compliment to his return.

"What's the matter with you, Magoverin?" demanded the colonel.

"Nothing at all, your honour, nothing at all," replied Miles.

"Why don't you go amongst the men?"

"O, in troth, I'm tired, Sir; an' I'm weary."

"God bless me! here is your bread and your beef yet uncooked! How is this?"

"Yes it is, indeed, Sir. I forgot—I—I—I'm not hungry, Sir; but I'll cook it if you wish, Sir."

"If *I* wish!" echoed the colonel; "God bless me! would you not wish it yourself? Are you not hungry, after such a long march, too?"

"No, in troth, Sir."

"Have you eaten any thing to-day, Magoverin?"

"No, Sir; barn a cup o' chocolate at day-break this mornin', which Misther Stubbs biled for me. I can't ate a bit now, Sir."

"What is the matter with you, Magoverin? Tell me; I will do any thing I can for you."

"I know you would, curnel, and for every man in the rigiment; an' we all know that well: God bless you for it. It's you that would be the loss to us all, if God would take you from us. I wish you never had been away from us at all, an' then poor Miles wouldn't be broken-hearted."

"How?" demanded the colonel.

"O, I was very badly trated, entirely," said Miles, with a deep sigh, while the tears were evidently glistening in his eyes.

"Well, well," returned the colonel, "that is gone by now; you must endeavour to forget those disagreeable matters—lay yourself down to your duty, and I will protect you."

"I have done, and will do my duty, Sir, while I have strength left in these bones: but I cannot forget what has hurt me so deeply, your honour."

"Your back is perfectly well, is it not?" demanded the colonel.

"O, 'tisn't the back," hastily replied Miles, "'tisn't the back that I care about—'tisn't the cuttin' there that I mind at all; but the cuttin' o' the heart, Sir,—for I was innocent o' the charge entirely."

"Well, well; I will make you a corporal, Magoverin; and as I have no doubt you will do every thing to deserve further promotion, I will make you a serjeant at no distant period."

The pale cheek of the soldier was for a moment flushed, and his sunken eyes brightened with satisfaction at the favour conferred by his commanding

officer, and looking fully in his face, he emphatically and gratefully replied :—

"I thank you, honoured curnel—the broken heart of Miles thanks you; for it will now die aisy, having received the approbation of my respected commanding-officer; but, Sir, I feel that I could not undertake to do the duty o' the rank you offer me. I know I could not—my head, Sir, is wake—I can carry my musket, an' fall in, to every part o' my duty, as a front rank man; but I couldn't command the men at all, Sir—knowing that I—was—so—disgraced."

The truth of Miles's sentiment was but too forcible to permit a further pressing on the part of the colonel, who now clearly saw the bearing of the man's mind, and the almost hopelessness of his case. He therefore recommended him to mix in the business of his comrades, and was about to order him to cook his rations, when Drum-major Gregory Stubbs appeared, bearing a "tin" of soup, made for Magoverin by his own hands; for Stubbs was humane, and much attached to Miles, assisting him on the march with all the care of a brother. The kind drummer received the appro-

bation of the colonel and the officers along with him for his attention, which produced a deep tinge on his countenance, particularly glowing over his remarkable and permanently purple feature. Miles and his friend were then left to enjoy their soup *tête-à-tête*, on which delicacy Stubbs had exercised all his knowledge of cookery, knowing that Miles could not eat his rations, and that the long march had much exhausted him.

Colonel Howard, since he had joined his regiment in Spain, lost no opportunity of repairing those breaches which the imperious and tyrannical conduct of his *locum tenens*, Sir Edward, had caused amongst both officers and men. In pursuance of this praiseworthy end, he made it a point, whenever the corps was in a town or village, and when sufficient accommodation could be procured, to oblige all the officers to dine together; although, from the active service on which he was employed, a regular mess could not be attained. On this day, the refectory of the convent afforded good dining room, and consequently, by his order, the officers were to mess there together. Accordingly all did assemble at dinner,

except Sir Edward—he requested the colonel's indulgence, being, as he said, indisposed. His absence, however, was most desirable to the mess; for it left his followers and flatterers unshackled in their conduct, and so far assisted the views of Colonel Howard in re-uniting the disjointed spirits of his officers.

The gastronomic comforts of Salamanca (not many at that time,) were called into requisition; and, contrasted with the miserable fare on which the regiment had been obliged to exist during the short time the outposts were in its charge, the table of the refectory presented a gratifying appearance, particularly if we consider that it was improved by a present from the abbot, who resided in a remote part of the building, *pro tem.*, consisting of some sweetmeats of rare quality, a bottle of excellent olives, and some of the best wine in Spain. The holy old father himself accompanied his offering in the imposing and venerable costume of his order —cowl, sandals, cord, cross, and shaven crown. He was a man of learning and information, a man who, although professedly secluded from the world, displayed an intimate acquaintance with it; and

his presence and conversation contributed not a little to improve the good fellowship of the company. The only females present were Mrs. Pommel and the quarter-master's lady, between whom his reverence took his seat at the board; and as he spoke English, he found that, when not engaged in general conversation, he had ample exercise for his tongue with his next neighbours.

The wise and gentlemanly control exercised by Colonel Howard over the party, as regarded allusions to former disputes, or any thing that could lead to such allusions, never was more beneficially displayed. The urbanity of the gentleman, with the kindness of the father, mingled in his demeanour, and was felt by every member. Not one of the officers present—even Lieutenant Nickerman himself—who did not secretly admit, in his judgment, that the corps was once more beginning to enjoy the blessings of brotherly union, to which it had been such a considerable time a stranger.

The abbot had now withdrawn from the table of his visitors, and the conversation turned, therefore, to the subject upon which the whole army, at that moment, felt deep interest, and which the

presence of the stranger had prevented taking place sooner at the mess table. This subject was the mortifying measure of retreat adopted by the commander of the forces. All concurred in the general opinion, that it was a misfortune of the most lamentable kind. The captains casting, involuntary, yet reflective glances at their seniors—the lieutenants eyeing thoughtfully the captains—the ensigns gazing on the lieutenants—and Mrs. Pommel contemplating her husband with a peculiar air—all simultaneously uttered exclamations of regret at being disappointed in their hopes of that glorious spring of promotion, a general action. Lieutenant Hullock well nigh shed tears on the occasion, and was observed, as he slyly looked into an army list, and counted the number of names before his in the regiment, to utter a lengthened curse with clenched teeth. Lieutenant Nickerman was almost violent in his opinions upon the measure adopted by Sir John, and declared, that he looked upon a retreat, at that moment, as the most unfortunate event of his life. By the by, judging by the conduct which he adopted the subsequent day, he had reason to express himself

so, for he felt that he should have a sure card to play in case of general actions—a greater chance of promotion than others. Indeed it is useless to screen the worthy subaltern—he adopted, as we found out by a particular inquiry, a rheumatism of the most accommodating character: having got all the symptoms of that malady by rote from Dr. Buchan, he, whenever even a skirmish was expected, became "*all over pains*," as he described the *affliction* to the surgeons of the regiment, the principal of whom had just joined, having exchanged with the gentleman who saved Magoverin from Sir Edward's violence at the triangle. He was a professed friend of Nickerman's, merely out of a prudent consideration that his patient had the ear of Sir Edward Vandeleur, an officer whom the surgeon expected to be very soon in the full command of the corps—not to mention certain respect entertained for the major, by the prudent calculator on the score of great wealth and influence.

In the height of this conversation, however, an orderly serjeant arrived with a letter for Colonel Howard, which turned it completely. This letter

contained an order to march at day-light for the posts they had so lately quitted. It appeared that the general had changed his mind, and resolved on advancing immediately. The news, when communicated to the officers, produced a burst of approbation, and nothing was talked of but conquest, glory, the pleasures of Madrid, and driving the French out of Spain. A bumper was drank to the success of their arms; and, after reasonable repetitions of it to the health of their favourite wishes, Colonel Howard recommended all to retire to make the most of a "good night's sleep," lest they should not enjoy another for some time. In consequence Mrs. Pommel, leaning on the arm of her lethargic lord, and lighted by her Portuguese *criado*, led the way from the refectory. Most of the officers followed towards their quarters, and Nickerman, as he left the room, declared that he felt a rheumatic twitch or two in his legs, and asked the surgeon whether he did not think he looked rather feverish.

Next morning Salamanca presented a scene of bustle and activity. A new spirit had lighted on the men. The streets were filled with soldiers,

congratulating each other on the unexpected turn which their prospects had taken. The natives participated in this feeling; and all those hopes which, but the day before, had drooped almost to death, now bloomed again on every face. The humblest soldier in the ranks had felt his national, as well as individual pride wounded in having, as it were, turned round as soon as they heard the tramp of the foe, and fled, after having marched on into the centre of Spain. They had seen reproaches in every Spaniard's face, and now that a prospect was held out of retrieving their good name, they shewed their satisfaction in every word, look, and action. Oh, had they then but pushed boldly on to the banks of the Carrion!—they would have done with Soult's army what Sir Arthur Wellesley did with Junot's at Vimiera some months previously. But such information as would have warranted Sir John Moore in thus attacking Soult was unfortunately wanting.

Colonel Howard's regiment turned out, according to orders, at day-break, and with the other two corps, which formed a division, marched to take up their former post in front. The great bulk of the

army remained stationary a few days longer, preparing for the advance, and waiting Colonel Graham's return from Madrid with information. On the 12th of December the whole marched forward, and took up a position at Tordesillas and Toro. Here again the commander-in-chief wavered for a few days, and at length definitively resolved to push on for Soult's position. On the 20th, having joined Sir David Baird's force, the whole army, amounting to twenty-five thousand men—upwards of two thousand of which were cavalry—with fifty pieces of cannon, all in the best possible state, advanced and stood within but a few miles of the enemy, whose numbers were considerably inferior to those of the British.

During this advance, the regiment of our history, with the exception of three individuals, kept up the best possible health and spirits. These three were Sir Edward Vandeleur, Lieutenant Nickerman, and Miles Magoverin: the first was really seized with fever at Majorga, and was sent immediately back to Salamanca; the second, who had borne his "flying twitches" for several days, found himself "all over pains" on the first day's march

from Tordesillas, and, in consequence, "got on as well as he could" (to use his own words), assisted by the surgeon, his hospital comforts, and a total remission from duty; the last—poor Miles, was no flincher, but so weak and wretched had he become on arriving at Majorga, that he dropped from his musket exhausted, and was taken under the care of the surgeon. He had borne his fatigue with an affectation of health and strength, which, however well-meaning it might have been in him, went almost to the utmost that life could bear, and thus defeated his intention of serving effectively.

The regiment had occupied a small village in the advance of the main body of the army, and the best accommodation that could be got for the sick was a miserable barn. Here Miles Magoverin was placed under the care of the medical officers, who supplied him with good hospital bedding and every other medical comfort in their power; while his unrelaxing friend, Stubbs, obtained permission to sleep under the same roof with him, in order to render him whatever little attentions that were in his power. On the second night after his being on the sick list, he was lying awake, listening to

Stubbs, who was beguiling the time away with stories of "the tented field," and who sat at a good fire, which was situated at a short distance from Miles's bed, (for Miles had recovered a little in strength,)—it was about nine o'clock, and the hailstones pattered on the roof above them with a force which frequently made Stubbs pause to comment on the pleasures of his fine fire and the shelter which was around him. The door of the barn now suddenly shook before the blow of a musket, and the sentry's voice, outside, called on the orderly-man to open it. The orderly obeyed, and presently entered several soldiers of the guard carrying the apparently dead body of one of their comrades, followed by Colonel Howard, Captain Ostin, (who was officer of the piquet.) the two surgeons, and several others of the officers.

The bleeding burden was laid on a bed; the surgeons proceeded to examine it, and found that the ball had passed through the breast and out at the back. It was a private soldier who was thus shot by one of the piquet guard. He had been discovered in the act of deserting, and, on being called upon by the sergeant of the guard to halt,

he ran, pursued by two men and the sergeant, and had leaped a narrow but deep and rapid river, when two of his pursuers fired, and he fell. He was not dead when brought to the barn, and, when bled by the surgeon, was able to speak.

"I am sorry to see you in this unhappy situation," said Colonel Howard. "I had thought that the men of our regiment, whatever might be their domestic squabbles, were unanimous in standing by their colours."

A groan, and a movement of the head, expressive of sorrow, was the only reply.

"Well," returned the colonel, "I will not now pain you by further remarks. I only regret that circumstances have rendered it necessary that you should fall by the hands of your comrades."

Then taking the arm of Captain Ostin, and motioning the other officers to follow him, he left the wounded man in the charge of the surgeons.

The necessary remedies having been applied, the patient was left by the medical officers, and the orderly was directed to place his own bed next to his. The wounded man spoke not a word, but groaned frequently. The night moved slowly on.

The dim light of the *candella*, which burned at one end of the barn, rendered the hour even more dismal than total darkness could have made it. About half-past four o'clock, none but Miles and the wounded soldier were awake. The latter now became feverish and restless, and seemed to breathe with greater difficulty than he had done before, while the former listened fearfully to his half-stifled groans. Miles raised himself to catch a glimpse of the sufferer's face, for he thought he was in the agonies of death. He leaned over towards him, and, their beds being next to each other, got a full view of his features—he recognized in them those of his injurer—it was the false witness Andrew Gropp! The man now opened his eyes, and in broken accents muttered—

"Oh!—I am—dying."

Miles could have no feelings of enmity in an extremity like the present. He instantly arose, and judging from the clamminess of the sufferer's lips that great thirst was present, cut a lemon, squeezed it, and with a little cold water and sugar, composed a draught, which he plaçed in the outstretched hand of the wounded soldier; at the same

time endeavouring to sooth him with the kindest expressions of hope for his safety. Stubbs also awakened at this moment, and arose to lend his assistance.

The draught was drunk with avidity—it relieved the sinking and burning spirit—the man seemed snatched from the rage of a horrid death. He raised his eyes and fixed them on the worn and pallid face of him who had thus relieved him, as if he could pour his heart out in gratitude—he recognized Miles—his hand with which he had grasped the latter's trembled—a flush came over his countenance, and half turning himself on his face, he groaned out—

"Oh! is it *you* who have done this, Magoverin?—*You* who have relieved my scorching thirst?" and hiding his eyes on the pillow, sobbed in the bitterness of remorse and sorrow. Miles still held his hand in silence, and the emotion of the sufferer in a few moments subsided.

"I thank you—I thank you," continued Gropp, without yet raising his face; "but I am unworthy of your kindness—I am unworthy to be touched

by you,"—and he suddenly drew away his hand from the grasp of Magoverin.

"Don't take away your hand, man," exclaimed Miles, as he grasped it again, "I *forgive* you—I forgive you *sincerely*, for I see you are sorry for what you did."

"Magoverin," said Andrew Gropp, "I feel that my hour is at hand—do you forgive me?"

"I do, I do," was the reply.

"I injured you—I swore falsely against you, and God has now punished me through the hands of my comrades. I deserve my death. I could not bear to live in the regiment, and see you daily wasting away in sorrow and weakness, knowing that I had a great share in the cause. I was not happy, and I attempted to desert to the French.—I am justly punished."

The wounded man here became slightly convulsed, and sunk on his pillow. Miles instantly awakened the orderly; and Stubbs, on seeing the alarming state of the patient, ran to fetch the surgeon and the chaplain. Both arrived in a very short time, and the lancet having been for the second time applied, Gropp's breathing became

somewhat easier. The clergyman, Mr. Ostin, then, at the request of the patient, came close to his bed-side, on which the latter spoke to him thus :—

" I feel that I am dying, Sir ; and the greatest consolation I can receive in this my last hour, will be in declaring before you, and all here present, that my evidence given on the court martial held on that man, Miles Magoverin, was false—wholly and wilfully false ; so was the evidence of Rafty, at whose instance I swore to the falsehood.—Pray for my forgiveness, Sir—for I am a wicked, wicked sinner."

His voice here became convulsed and broken. Mr. Ostin repeated fervently a prayer for the pardon of the penitent, and then, with great presence of mind, procured pen, ink, and paper, and having written a " confession" of the facts, read it aloud. The dying soldier listened attentively, and when the chaplain had concluded, exclaimed,

" That is just : let me sign the paper."

The pen was accordingly placed in his hand, and he wrote his name at the bottom of the confession, with a steadiness that, considering his dreadful situation, astonished all.

"Now," continued he, with a smile of satisfaction, "I can take your hand, Miles—I have done all I could do on this earth to repair the injury which I inflicted on you."

Miles kindly grasped the hand of the dying penitent—it was cold and clammy, but it returned the pressure firmly. A silence for several moments followed—a short convulsion—a groan—a sightless stare—and the man was dead.

## CHAPTER XX.

Here doth the christian, on his lonely way,
Watch with a fearful eye the close of day:
More dangers 'wait him than the Indian knows,
When through his trackless woods and wastes he goes:
'Tis not the fierce wild forest beast that he
May dread, but man—more treacherous enemy.

DURING the advance of the British army, which we have mentioned in the preceding chapter, Redmond Allan was attached to head-quarters, and, consequently, separated a considerable distance from his regiment. His abilities daily developed themselves to the commander of the forces, and by him he was employed on several confidential missions of a similar character to that in which he encountered Don Julian and his Guerillas on the borders of the river Carrion. Allan had returned

one day to Majorga, where the head-quarters were stationed, from a duty of this description, and had just entered his quarters, when two letters were brought to him by his servant. The first which he opened was from Captain Ostin, and ran as follows:—

"By the time you receive this letter, my dear Redmond, you, of course, will have learnt that our division has advanced still farther towards the enemy than our last regimental returns expressed. We are bivouacked in a wood near Sahagun. The cavalry is close to us—upwards of two thousand of such dragoons as the *élite* of France cannot rival, and commanded by a general who should be styled *the hero of modern chivalry;* I mean Lord Paget. There are seventeen thousand of the enemy in front of us, and we are all on the tiptoe of martial hope, glowing in the expectation of being speedily engaged. Indeed, we expect the contest every hour.

"As a man, therefore, on his death-bed—or, at least, on the bed from which there is but a chance of rising, I write to you. A few hours may find

me without my head, or divided into portions destined to form a dinner for the vultures that fly over our camp; a similar case may be yours; and although I say, Heaven avert both! yet I must now think of the worst, and indulge in those feelings which the soldier, on the eve of battle, should not, if he could, fling aside. The ties of kindred, of friendship, and of love, I feel more tightly clinging to my heart at this moment than before. My sister, my brother, my friend to whom I now speak, and my beloved Charlotte—for I am yet in hopes that she is not dead—all hurry into my imagination, and appear to me the every thing of existence—the dear, the irresistible attractions of life; the chance of leaving which weakens both my faith and my philosophy, and makes me think for a moment that no other world can afford a pleasure without them.

"If, then, you should survive me, my dear Redmond, I lay this tax on your friendship—namely, that of declaring to my adored Charlotte Vandeleur the undivided affection with which you know my heart has burned for her, should she still exist. On the other hand, should she be numbered with the

dead, (Heaven, I hope not!) then, if the spirits of those who in this life loved, can meet hereafter—O! then, I say, I shall not need a friend to speak for me—we shall be for ever together.

"Of yourself, Redmond—should we no more meet in this world—should you survive me, keep, for my sake, the portrait which hangs in my room at Heatherhill: it will remind you of the first hours of our happy friendship. Of any thing else that I wish you to keep for my sake, my brother will inform you.

"Redmond, you are the real guardian of my dear sister. She is yours; you deserve each other: may you both be happy! My brother looks with pleasure to your union with her; and, should I escape the coming dangers of the field, nothing would crown my campaign with so sweet a reward as to pledge the cup of friendship to you both on your wedding-day—except, indeed——

"But the drum sounds the 'turn out!'—Alas! this is a soldier's life; no moment is wholly his own. I sat down to converse with you, in a mood of reflection, which, on the eve of expected events, was most congenial to both our minds; but scarcely

had I begun, when the drum drowns all.—Farewell, my dear Redmond; may this not be the last letter which you shall receive from your old friend,

"GERRARD OSTIN.

"P. S.—It was a false alarm. We have been out under arms until an hour after daylight, and are now returned to our quarters. I believe there has been a skirmish with some of our cavalry and the enemy's; but it did not last long. An orderly is now waiting for our letters. I have just time to tell you a little regimental news. Poor Miles Magoverin has been most miraculously cleared from the aspersions of the charge brought against him by Rafty. Andrew Gropp, some nights ago, attempted to desert, and was shot in the act. He lived a few hours after he was wounded, and made a written confession to my brother of the falsity of Rafty's charge. The effect which this confession has produced on Miles is almost incredible. The poor fellow, you know, was fast sinking under the weight of his own feelings; yet he would continue to do his duty until nature gave way. As soon as he felt that his character was restored, he became

so elevated, that his malady left him almost immediately. He ate, drank, moved about in high spirits, elevated still higher by the universal congratulations he received from his comrades and the officers; in short, he is now doing his duty as well as any man in the ranks, has been made a corporal by Colonel Howard, improves in health hourly, and talks as much Latin as ever. What a patient is the *mind*, Redmond! It puzzles the doctors. This man would have sunk into the grave in a few days, had his mind not been relieved; and now he is almost as stout as ever he has been—all by a few *words!* A copy of the confession has been forwarded to Sir Edward: I wonder how he will like it! Rafty, of course will be punished.

"Mrs. Pommel is still with us, and roughs it as well as the best of us. Nickerman is *rheumatic:* all the others seem to go on harmoniously. We have not had a demonstration of discontent or disunion since Colonel Howard joined us. My brother is the greatest favourite in the division. He and his *pony* are known at all quarters.—Farewell—once more farewell.

"G. O."

The pleasurable sensations produced on Redmond's mind by the above letter were great, particularly at the information about his pupil Miles; but they were soon changed by the perusal of the following letter, which on opening he recognised to be written in the hand-writing of his adored Emily Ostin:

"My dear Redmond,

"Through an occurrence of which I dare not entrust myself to write, I was forced to decide upon seeking protection from my brothers and you. I had no alternative but to come out to Lisbon, where I arrived a fortnight ago, and learning that the army had marched into Spain, I resolved to follow. I arrived safely at Palencia yesterday, where I learnt that the movements of the troops were very uncertain; therefore I determined to remain in this place until I should hear from either of my brothers or you, to all of whom I have now written. Why I undertook this journey, and how I succeeded in accomplishing it, I will explain when we meet: suffice it to say, that it was imperative on me, and that my resolution has carried me through

every difficulty. In hourly expectation of seeing all I love,

"I remain,

"My dear Redmond,

"Your affectionate

"EMILY OSTIN."

The astonishment of Redmond on perusing this letter, may be easily conceived; so unexpected—so out of the possibility of expectation, was such an event as that his Emily, whom he considered so happily situated in the society and protection of Lady Vandeleur and her daughter, should undertake, suddenly, a voyage to Lisbon, and a journey into Spain, whether alone, or in the company of others, he knew not. His brain reeled; and when he glanced at the meaning of the first line of her letter, "*an occurrence which I dare not entrust myself to write*," he became almost breathless. He instantly proceeded to the sergeant in charge of the head-quarter letters, looked over them, and found the two alluded to in his Emily's—the one directed to the chaplain, and the other to Gerrard Ostin. He inquired when the letters would be

forwarded to the division in which the Ostins were, and was informed that they should be dispatched on the following morning. He struck his forehead in distraction. It must take two days before his friends could possibly know of the predicament in which their sister stood. He knew that the French were advancing towards Palencia, and it might not be improbable that, even at the present moment, the enemy was in possession of the town. The thought maddened him. He flew to the quarters of Sir John Moore—was admitted into his presence, and, in the best manner his hurried thoughts would permit him, stated the case of his Emily to the general, at the same time presenting to him her letter.

"Mr. Allan," observed the General after a short pause, "I feel that the situation in which the young lady is placed is replete with danger. What do you wish me to do for you towards relieving her?"

"Permit me, General, to go to Palencia, and protect her back to head-quarters — this is all I ask—I shall ever feel grateful for the favour."

"I will permit you to do that, Mr. Allan, with great pleasure; but you must be aware that you will perhaps be yourself in great danger. However, I can appreciate your feelings. You are a prudent young man: go, but be cautious how you approach the French.—When do you propose setting out?"

"This moment; and as fast as my horse can carry me," replied Redmond.

"Well, be it so: but return immediately to your duty," observed the general, and then held his hand out to the young officer, saying, "I wish you safely back, Mr. Allan—farewell!"

The youth took the proffered hand, pressed it to his burning forehead, and, uttering the most heartfelt thanks, withdrew to prepare for immediate departure for Palencia.

Ten minutes had not elapsed when Redmond was on the road; and owing to the excellence of his horse (a thorough good Andalusian, which he had lately purchased), he found himself within two leagues of Palencia at three o'clock in the afternoon; and although the sky began to shew the fast approach of dusk, he had no doubt of com-

pleting his journey before nightfall. The road on which he now travelled was at this place intersected by another, and the country around was woody, and somewhat hilly. This other road was narrow, and descended into a valley. The only person he had seen for the last league of his journey was at this point. It was a Spaniard riding a mule: he was passing towards the valley, on the cross road, when Redmond called after him, at which he pulled up his mule and waited, coolly smoking a paper cigar, until Redmond rode up to him. He looked, by his costume, like a muleteer—he wore a broad leafed hat, short leathern jerkin, velveteen breeches, short gaiters, and shoes; his blanket was slung over his shoulder, and he rode astride on his *alvarda*,—a sort of saddle made to carry burdens. The whole equipment of the Spaniard, with the exception of the mule on which he rode, was of an inferior description, and indicated him to be of the poorest order of peasants. His stature was tall and muscular, and his countenance was any thing but mild and inviting. However, Redmond was well armed, and, as he only wanted information, he accosted him. He spoke in French,

which he had the pleasure to find was well understood by the Spaniard.

"Have you come from Palencia, my friend?" demanded Redmond.

A gruffly spoken "yes" was the answer.

"What time will it take me to ride there?"

"Not half so long as it will take you to return," replied the Spaniard, with a grin.

"Why, my friend?"

"Why!—I'll tell you: the French have a knack of holding the lobsters fast when they catch them."

"Speak plainly. What is it you mean?" anxiously inquired Redmond.

"The French are at Palencia, and are moving in this way—that's all: and, unless you Englishmen be not very sharp in your movements they will dash in amongst you very soon. Why, you seem frightened, Captain—what's the matter? Is the mere mentioning the French enough for you?"

Redmond's countenance had changed to an expression something like terror—it was a horrid astonishment—he shuddered as he stared at the man—the terrible consequences of the enemy's possession of Palencia hurried over his brain—conse-

quences to his Emily, to himself, to the dearest and most cherished hopes of his heart, and he felt that he could scarcely retain his seat on his saddle. However, after a few moments, he collected his scattered energies, and exclaimed—

"Spaniard! answer me truly, and without equivocation—has the French army entered Palencia?"

"Patience, Sir, patience!" replied the peasant, who now exhibited some indications of alarm at Redmond's manner; "I have spoken the truth—the French entered Palencia this day."

"Then she is gone—she has fallen into their hands.—O God! what shall I do?"

"Why, cavalier," observed the Spaniard, "if you would but moderate your feelings, and condescend to ask a poor peasant a question or two quietly, perhaps you might be informed on the subject of your inquiries."

"My good friend," hastily exclaimed Redmond, "have you seen an English lady in Palencia? I am seeking one, and if you can give me any just information on this point, I will sincerely thank you—and here is some money for your trouble."

"Ay, now you speak like an Englishman; and

I will answer you like a Spaniard," said the fellow, as he took the coin from Redmond. "I have seen an English lady in Palencia even this very morning. The people in the town had no intimation of the advance of the French until their troops were close upon it."

"Where is she then—has she escaped?"

"Escaped! no; she is now a prisoner with them, and her servant man along with her."

"O God!" exclaimed the lover, and clenched his teeth in agony of mind at the information given by the Spaniard. After a pause he continued; "If you have seen an English lady at Palencia to-day, you can of course describe her. Tell me her description."

"I will, Sir," returned the Spaniard. "The lady was very handsome—she had fair hair, oval face, blue eyes, a mole on her left cheek, was about as high as the shoulder of my Macho, and she came out from England to her brothers, one of whom is a chaplain, and the other a captain in the English army."

"What is her brothers' name?" demanded Redmond, in a frenzy of agitation.

"Their name is Ostin, I believe," replied the Spaniard, as he struck a light for his now extinguished cigar.

"How did you learn all this?" demanded Redmond, lingering on a hope undefined.

"I was present at the Alcalde's when she applied for protection on the news of the approach of the French, and there she stated her name, and what else I have told you. A colonel of chasseurs made her his prisoner; but at the same time treated the lady as a gentleman should—he had her taken to his own quarter, which, I can assure you, is the best house in the town. You need not be alarmed; the colonel will pay her every attention: he seemed to have taken a great fancy to her — she is so handsome."

Redmond could hear no more. He wheeled his horse towards Palencia, spurred into a gallop, and left his informant; who, ejaculating "*Adeus, Senhor,*" ambled on his "Macho" down into the valley.

This Spaniard was neither more nor less than an assassin and a robber—one of those wretches who

then hung about the seat of war for the purpose of plundering either their own countrymen or the invaders. The information he gave to Redmond regarding Emily was false. She was not a prisoner with the French: she had been at Palencia, it is true, on the morning of that day, as he described; but she had had sufficient time to leave the town, of which she availed herself: and at the moment that Redmond was talking to the Spaniard, the girl of his heart, whom he sought with such anxiety, was within three hundred yards of him in a deserted spot, unprotected except by her servant, —the intended victim of the very man who falsely informed Redmond that she was still at Palencia, and a prisoner!

How this villain became acquainted with the name, situation, &c. of Miss Ostin, it will be now well to explain. On the news of the approach of the French army to Palencia, Emily applied at the Alcalde's for correct information on the subject. Here was also the ruffian; and as an English lady would naturally attract great attention at the time, her case became instantly known. Emily, with her servant, immediately prepared to depart, and hav-

ing taken the road to Aguilar, intending to proceed to Zamora, there to remain until she could hear from her brothers or Redmond, was followed by the Spaniard, with an intent to plunder, and, if necessary for his purpose, murder her. The cross-road above-mentioned was the way which Emily had gone but a few moments before Redmond had addressed the Spaniard. She was by that road going astray from the proper route to Aguilar, and through the artful guidance of the ruffian, who had thrown himself purposely in her way in order to mislead her. His plan had thus far succeeded when Redmond accosted him; and it was with the intention of delaying the latter, so as to give his victims time to advance beyond the chance of being discovered by him, that he so coolly and communicatively conversed with him. But Redmond once out of reach, the villain galloped his mule onward down the valley after his intended plunder, and came up with Emily and her servant as the road entered a woody flat which skirted a narrow river. It had not rained that day, and the ground was dried by a strong east wind that had blown incessantly for many hours: the

naked trees rattled as the gust passed through them, and the rotting leaves, which had lain beneath them, flew along, covering the road. It was very near dusk; which circumstance, together with the chillness of the evening, determined Emily to quicken her pace in the hope of reaching a village which their enemy had falsely said was within half a league of them. The Spaniard had some difficulty in overtaking the travellers, for their mules were of the best kind; but he succeeded tolerably soon in coming up with them, and addressing the servant (who, in appearance, looked more like a stout, overgrown, chubby youth, than a man able to compete with such as the Spaniard, in a struggle for life and death), he drew from his belt a long knife, and motioned, as well as roared, to both the travellers to stop. The robber's command was at once obeyed. The servant turned pale, and Emily trembled with terror. He directed them to dismount—this was done. The ruffian then demanded the keys of the two small trunks with which their baggage mule was loaded.

"Give him the keys," said Emily, for she was obliged to interpret the Spaniard's command to her

servant, the language in which it was given being French.

"Give him the kays, Miss!" ejaculated the servant, in characteristic Irish astonishment, who had now considerably recovered the fright which the first view of the Spaniard's knife had created.

"Yes—yes—yes. Give him the keys—give him the keys immediately," repeated Emily.

"By my sowl—an' if I must, I must.—Stay ti I get 'em out o' my pocket.—Pooh! where the divil are they?" said the servant, searching every pocket.

"Presto!" roared the robber.

"Aisy—aisy, Sir—I have 'em—I have 'em—I have 'em—" drawing back a step. "Here they are—here—here.—There, take that, you villain."

Down fell the Spaniard, with a groan and a gurgling noise in his throat. The bullet had passed through his broad chest—unexpected death came upon him, and he rolled under his mule's girths on the road, a bleeding, brutal corpse!

The servant had searched for the pistols, and not the keys—had secretly cocked them; and as quick

as lightning discharged one of them at the breast of the ruffian, while the other she kept as a reserve.

"Ha! he is dead!" exclaimed the servant, looking at the body, the pistol still smoking at its mouth; then turning to Emily, continued—"O misthress! misthress! I am sorry for this; but you'd ha' been murthered—ay, an' worse traited too. O let us go back—this I'm sure is not the right road. He led us astray."

Emily had leaned her back against a tree, almost overwhelmed with her terrors. But Kitty flew to her assistance—Kitty!—yes; the chubby servant was no other than Mrs. Kitty Magoverin, who, in order to travel with more safety to both herself and mistress, had assumed the dress of a groom. This, perhaps, might have been explained before; however, the reader now knows the fact, and that is enough. Kitty was a strong and resolute young Irishwoman, and, when dressed in male attire, looked a stout little fellow enough; and her presence assumed, as well as courage shewed, that as a protector to her mistress she was not at all to be despised.

Little time could be spared in considering what was to be done. Both mounted; and, leaving the dead Spaniard, with his mule beside his bleeding body, they retraced their path back to the main road, and continued in a direction that led *from* Valencia, with as much speed as their mules could bear.

## CHAPTER XXI.

'Midst the desert's parching heat,
Springs a fountain cool and sweet,
Gushing, sparkling—O how bright—
On the thirst-sick traveller's sight.
Deep he drinks—'tis second breath,
Draught that quenches fiery death.
So, all bright and gushing came
Hope upon this heart of flame,
Worn with suffering, dry, and sear,
In the desert of despair.

When Redmond galloped away from the Spaniard, his only thought was the safety of his Emily. Determined to enter Palencia, he had overlooked the difficulty of so doing, and it was not until he was within half a mile of the place that this presented itself to his imagination. The enemy was in possession of the town—he was a British officer, and in regimentals—the inevitable

consequence of his entering Palencia, therefore, would be his immediate arrest and detention as a prisoner of war. These considerations staggered his impulsive intentions, and he pulled up his horse in order to reflect more coolly on the matter. It was by this time nearly dark; yet he could discern, across the plain over which he rode, the venerable cathedral of Palencia, in a dark mass rendered thus visible by the yet light grey horizon which was spread behind it. The more he reflected the more difficult seemed the accomplishment of his wishes. The danger of his being taken prisoner grew more vivid at every step his horse took; he was approaching the enemy's camp, and in the dark, when their patroles might come upon him unawares. The rashness of his proceeding now appeared in its true colours to his mind; he felt that he was criminal in thus advancing—that Sir John Moore, in giving him leave, could not for a moment contemplate his present situation, nor sanction, had he known it, such conduct. Should he now be taken, he could consider himself as little less than a deserter. The thought made him shudder, and he turned his horse's head from the direction

of the town in the deepest disappointment and mental agony. He had scarcely done so when the sound of the tramping of horses struck on his ear. He turned to look, and, stooping his head to a level with his horse's mane, saw plainly outlined on the horizon the figures of a patrole of Hussars; upon which he, with great presence of mind, dismounted, led his horse off the road to a space behind a rising ground, and there remained securely. The patrole passed, and he distinctly heard the voices of the soldiers as they talked to each other—so near were they to his hiding-place.

He now saw more vividly than ever the danger in which he was placed; the picquet had gone onward, between him and his way back. No choice was left him, but to remain where he was; for to move in any direction, except by the road, might lead him into still greater danger. Then the reflection, that perhaps the enemy would advance next morning from Palencia, and, consequently, overtake him, unless he very soon commenced his route back, became still more alarming than his previous troubles. In this state of reflection, he leaned against a bank of earth, with his

bridle in his hand, and continued thus for at least half an hour. At length, he was aroused from his reflections by the appearance of a large dog. The animal approached him cautiously, and then retired in terror. Redmond instantly threw his bridle over the stump of a tree near him, and followed the dog a few paces, in the hope of seeing its master, whom he supposed to be a Spaniard, and with the intention (if so he should prove to be) of addressing him, and prevailing on him to guide him in safety from the spot on which he then was, without touching upon the main road on which the French patrole then rode. His expectation was gratified: the dog's master was at hand, and turned out to be a peasant, who, when accosted by Redmond, expressed great terror; but, on being presented with a *crusado*, and solicited by him, in Spanish, to direct him in his way, he became composed and communicative. Redmond (as well as his but imperfect knowledge of Spanish allowed him) having told the peasant that he was not a French but an Englishman, received assurance from him that he might reckon upon any assistance that was in his power. He said he was

a farmer, who resided at the distance of a quarter of a league, and that he had been in search of a bullock, which had either strayed or been taken away by the foraging parties of the French. Redmond at once determined on going to the farmer's house, and to remain there until day-break, when he would depart for Sir John Moore's head-quarters. Accordingly he explained his intentions to the farmer; and having presented him with another coin, which was received with reluctance, was conducted in safety to the latter's dwelling.

The light which the blaze of the hearth threw on the figure and countenance of the farmer, as he entered the house with Redmond, together with the appearance of his venerable father and mother, who were there seated, at once convinced the young officer that he was in honest hands.

Refreshment was given freely; and every act and sentiment of his hospitable entertainers assured him, that if any benefit could arise from good nature and faith, he might expect it with this family.

An hour's reflection operated on Redmond's

mind a change, greatly in opposition to the state in which it was when he entered the cottage. He had learnt from his host that there was but a small force of the French in Palencia—that the town, in fact, was only visited by the advanced troops, and that a free access to it was permitted; —in short, that there was not that scrupulous observance of individuals, which Redmond had supposed must have been the case in a town newly invaded.

The mind of man is always disposed to level the road to his gratification, and, if it perceive but a sheep track over the steepest and most inaccessible mountain, it will drive (should it think fit) a coach and six over it—with what success may be easily imagined. The danger of falling into the hands of the French being now greatly lessened in Redmond's imagination, he naturally began to reason within himself on the possibility of his going into the town, like others, unnoticed, and thus have an opportunity of learning the real fate of his dear Emily, if not of rescuing her altogether from the dreadful situation in which he supposed her then to be. The peasant's words lighted up

his expiring hopes—the possibility of saving his adored girl was before him, and with the possibility appeared the probability. Thought after thought rendered every obstacle to success less difficult, until, at length, he saw in his glowing imagination the certainty of accomplishing his purpose the next morning, and of being able to return to head-quarters by the following night. With these feelings he proposed to the farmer to purchase a suit of his clothes, in order to enter Palencia in disguise: he also prevailed on the Spaniard to lend him a mule, and to take care of his horse until he should return. A couple of pieces of gold sufficed to settle all matters for the enterprise; and it was agreed that he should proceed into Palencia at the market hour next morning, guided by, although not in company with the Spaniard.

Redmond retired to rest, or rather to pass the interval in maturing his plan of operations by reflection. For several hours he dwelt in the keenest mental labour on the work of his heart, but never for once looked at his subject in its true dangers; the rashness—perhaps criminality, of the attempt

was gilded over by the assurance of safety with which the Spaniard had inspired him; the danger of entering the enemy's camp thus without orders, was swallowed up in his imagined security; the magnitude of his gratification—the saving of his own beloved Emily from the most dreadful situation burned within him, and threw over his reason a circle of light more fascinating than the flambeau's glare to the finny victim of the Gallipoli fisherman.*

He arose at day-break—the Spaniard was up; the cup of chocolate prepared by the old woman, of which Redmond, more from necessity than taste, partook, and the mule was equipped for the road. As the farmer was nearly as tall as Redmond, the former's clothes fitted him better than they had done their owner; and the young officer was as perfectly metamorphosed as was Apollo when he put on the Thessalian shepherd's dress. By the direction of the Spaniard, Redmond was to ride carelessly into the market-place, fol-

* In the shallow waters on the coast of Gallipoli, certain fish are caught by the attraction of flambeaux, held in the hands of fishermen.

lowing at a distance his guide; and, to meet the chance of discovery by a want of the Spanish language, a black silk handkerchief and a piece of flannel were tied about Redmond's jaws; while he, in case of being addressed, should affect great difficulty of speech, to be supposed to arise from a disease of the mouth.

At this period of the war in Spain the policy adopted by the French was to act the part of friends, in the hope of reconciling the Spanish people to the new order of government, attempted to be established by Joseph Buonaparte; consequently, in their advance against the British, they permitted the Spaniards, who remained in the towns on their march, to pursue their business unmolestedly. The peasants, therefore, continued to bring their produce to market as usual; and, on the morning on which Redmond set out for Palencia, numbers of people from the surrounding country attended the market. This circumstance facilitated the enterprise, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in the streets of Palencia, in the midst of French soldiers, wholly unsuspected.

His attention was first turned to inquiries con-

cerning Emily. He followed his guide into a *Posada*, where only a few market people were regaling themselves; and here both sat down. The host was a thorough patriot, as the guide informed Redmond. He had been a prisoner in England in the year 1806, having been taken at Trafalgar, when he was serving as a sailor, and therefore had learnt a little English. The guide also assured him that no man possessed a greater hatred to the French, and that, if he would apply to him, he would learn all that could be learnt concerning the object of the enterprise.

Accordingly, Redmond addressed the host, and found him not only communicative, but anxious to lend every assistance in his power. He at once set down the young officer as a spy; and although assured of the contrary, still expressed his confidence in the fact by a knowing wink of his eye and a squeeze from his iron hand, that were as much as to say, "I am glad of it, and wish you success." His inquiries about the English force, together with the sanguine hopes he expressed that Sir John Moore would advance, and, with Romana, defeat the enemies of his country, gave Redmond every con-

fidence in the support which he expected to receive in searching for and rescuing his Emily. But when Redmond inquired about her, and described her as an English lady, travelling with one English servant, his hopes and fears received the most unexpected change. The host instantly declared that they were not prisoners with the French, but had left the town several hours before the advanced troops of the enemy had entered it. He declared that he himself had seen the lady at the Alcalde's; that her situation excited much anxiety; that he had seen her ride out of the town, attended by her servant, and that they had taken the road to Zamora. Indeed, he described the person of Emily so clearly, that Redmond now had no doubt of the statement, and at once prepared to depart from Palencia.

He had just put his hand into his pocket in order to pay the host for the refreshment which his guide had called for, when the house was suddenly filled with Spanish peasants—at least a dozen ran into the , all in great alarm, and pursued by French soldiers, who proceeded at once to seize the Spaniards. All in the apartment were now made prisoners,

including Redmond and his guide, and at once conveyed to the main guard-house, there to be examined touching the death of a French soldier who was stabbed in the market-place. It appeared that the comrades of the deceased, on seeing him fall, flew to his assistance, and several had pursued the peasants near whom the soldier fell. The latter took refuge in the Posada from the swords of their pursuers; and it was thus that they had entered the place in which Redmond was, so unfortunately for himself.

Each prisoner was now called separately, and underwent an examination before the commandant; but no identification of the murderer could be made. Redmond, amongst the others, was called forth and questioned: he made signs that he was unable to speak plainly. One of the officers then ordered the bandage to be removed from his face; no swelling or other mark of illness appeared; the officers looked closely at his countenance, which was any thing but Spanish in appearance; they questioned him further: Redmond still hesitated, and acted well the part on which now depended his ruin or his safety. One of the French

without ceremony pulled open his vest, and examining the quality of his linen, fixed on him his dark eyes deeply shaded with bushy eyebrows; then, with an expression that shook the heart of the youth, exclaimed—

"This was made in England, my friend!"

Alas! it was too true; Redmond had not thought it necessary to put on linen belonging to the Spaniard whose clothes he then wore: the truth flashed conviction across his countenance, and raised still higher the suspicion excited against him by the quality of the fine cloth he unluckily wore. A minute search of his person followed; and on the same linen was found, written in marking ink, his name in full, and the number of his regiment. This was enough to make Redmond appear guilty in the eyes of the French. They charged him with being a spy, and threatened him with immediate death, unless he could shew that he was guiltless of the charge. One of the officers now recollected that another of the prisoners had defended his innocence of the death of the soldier by stating, that he had been quietly sitting with Redmond in the Posada when the others had

rushed into the apartment: he instantly singled him out, led him forward, and charged him with being a spy also, and an accomplice of the Englishman. The poor farmer's terror was at the extreme of excitement; he stammered and trembled; but, contrary to the expectation of Redmond, would not say any thing that could criminate him. He was asked where he resided, and answered truly. The examination was then suspended.

All the prisoners except Redmond and his unhappy guide were dismissed, no evidence having been adduced to criminate them. In about half an hour, several other French officers entered the guard-house. One of them carried with him, and placed before the now shuddering eyes of Redmond and the farmer, the former's regimentals, arms, and papers! The examination was then resumed; the regimentals were handed to Redmond, and he was ordered to dress in them: the papers were opened, and amongst them was found several with his name and the number of his corps, corresponding with those on the linen. A plan of a position on the river Carrion was also found, with remarks which tended to strengthen the suspicion of the nature of

the service upon which Redmond was supposed to be employed. There was no further use in denying that he was an Englishman; therefore he boldly acknowledged the fact; but, with honest indignation, repelled the charge of being a spy. He spoke eloquently in exculpation of the poor farmer; and indeed so effectively, that it removed further suspicion from that individual. The youth, in all the force of truth, then explained his motives for entering the French camp, declaring most solemnly his true intentions, and entreated the commandant to send a flag of truce to the head quarters to prove the fact; but he received only insult in reply.

A council of the officers assembled in the afternoon; and, after a short examination of the charge, unanimously came to the opinion, that the prisoner Redmond Allan was a British spy, and sentenced him to be put to death at sun-rise next morning.

In vain did the unhappy young officer appeal, and urge his innocence; his defence was considered a false statement: and all he could say must fail in exciting the mercy of a set of fierce soldiers, who had been schooled under Buonaparte, and

commanded by him in person: mercy to a spy was not to be expected; and bitter as the injustice inflicted on Redmond was, he had no escape—the draught must be swallowed.

He was taken away from his stern judges, and placed in a back room on the first floor of an ancient building, then occupied as the main guard-house. A sentinel was planted at the door of the apartment, and some coarse brown bread and water left for his use. A chair and a table, with a bundle of straw, furnished the miserable prison; and here was the honourable, the high-minded, the gallant young soldier to pass the remaining few hours of his life, and from it be led to an odious and dishonourable grave; within but a short distance of his dearest friends—for one of whom he had thus suffered—yet by them unheard of!

During the evening he was visited by several French officers, each of whom heaped his portion of insult upon his head; and it was not until near midnight that he was left uninterrupted. The cathedral clock had not yet struck the hour—the embers of the hearth were decaying—a dim *candella* diffused a melancholy light through the apartment, and Red-

mond sat, with his hands clenched between his knees, in agony of soul: the morning's dawn was to bring him death, far from his Emily, and for her sake. His mind was yet too agitated to resign itself to the contemplation of the world to come, and which he was soon to enter—so sudden, so overwhelming was the catastrophe of his enterprise. His dear Emily and his more than brothers wholly occupied his tortured brain; and as he sat in this horrid furnace of reflection, the cold drops distilled from his forehead, and his eyeballs seemed bursting from their orbits.

The clock of the cathedral now tolled the midnight hour, and interrupted the agony in which he laboured. He listened to its deep toned echo—it slowly died away—all around was still, except the soldier who paced before his door on the lobby. A quick tramp was now heard without; it was the guard coming to relieve the watch of his prison. The door was opened, Redmond was pointed out to the new sentry, who having received his charge, was left by the guard: he then shut the door, and commenced to pace to and fro, leaving the unhappy prisoner to the recurrence of his dreadful reflections.

An awful silence now reigned over the miserable place, which, however, was soon broken by the creaking of the door on its stiff hinges. Redmond turned his eyes towards the entrance of the apartment, and saw the sentry wistfully looking in and behind him alternately. The soldier then cautiously advanced towards his prisoner, and said with a low voice, in French—

"Do you sleep, friend?"

Redmond arose, and replied in the negative.

"Do you know me?" demanded the sentry.

"No," was the reply.

"Look closely, and try whether you can recollect me or not," whispered the soldier, at the same time taking off his shaco, and shewing a fine head, from the sides of which his dark locks fell.

"I surely know that face," returned Redmond.

"I have not forgotten you," said the sentry impressively, "although you may not remember the service you once did to the poor bleeding grenadier.—You saved my life, Sir, when the Guerillas' sabres were glittering over my head; and I am not ungrateful. I may now save yours. I saw you to-day, and heard your fatal sentence

pronounced. Heaven ordained that I should be on the main guard this night, and I hope to be the means of saving you."

The grasp of gratitude was in both their hands: Redmond pressed the soldier's to his forehead, and was about to thank him: but his heart was too full.

We have not a moment to spare—it will take you, perhaps, more than an hour to effect your escape. Take this knife; you will find in it a strong sharp blade, and a small saw. Here, in this corner, under your straw bed, the floor is rotten: cut a passage in it; but make no noise. An empty stable is beneath you: fear not, but drop down; I have placed a sufficiency of straw below to save you from injury. You will find a window, which, although shut up and barred, may be perceived by the glimmering of the moonlight. Unbar these shutters cautiously. When you pass through this window, you will see, by the moonlight, a garden at a little distance: enter this, and climb a tree—the only one there: cling around the trunk of this tree, and so remain until I come to you. But observe—although you cut through the boards, do not leave this place until the next sentry is posted; but

cover the opening with straw, and lie down upon it, as if you were asleep, until I give you up in charge: then cautiously drop down."

"God bless this generous soldier!" fervently exclaimed Redmond, in English, not thinking that he was understood in that language: but the sentry, in as good English as Redmond had spoken, returned the prayer—

"And God send you safely out, young fellow!" said he.

"Heavens! are you an Englishman!" demanded the youth.

"I am your countryman," replied the soldier—"but let us not lose a moment—should we meet again I will tell you perhaps, why I serve in the French army.—There, take the knife—go—go!"

The sentry now resumed his post, while Redmond dropped on his knee, and, in the grateful overflowing of his heart, offered up a silent prayer to Heaven for the providential chance which now lay before him of being saved from ignominy and death. He then proceeded to obey the directions of the grenadier; and in less than an hour succeeded in removing a portion of the floor sufficient

to admit his body to pass. He then cautiously covered the aperture with straw, and laid himself down on it, to await the change of sentry.

The relief came round. The slapping of the guards' muskets was the signal for him to affect sleep. He did so; and soon afterwards felt the warm rays of the light applied closely to his face by one of the guard, as he heard the charge given up to the succeeding sentinel. He now prepared to descend, and having taken a favourable opportunity, removed his bed, and dropped into the stable, where he felt agreeably beneath him a quantity of straw, effectually protecting him from injury. He paused a moment, and fancied he heard the footsteps of the sentry in the room from which he had just escaped—it was not mere fancy—the sound of the footsteps became evident to his hearing; and now the voice of the soldier distinctly fell on his ears.—Every limb of him trembled; but he mustered his resolution, and ran to the window without the least regard to silence—for now he expected the alarm to be given, and all he had to rely on was quickness of movement.—The window flew open,

and, as he prepared to leap out, the light from the aperture above shone fully upon him. He looked up, and saw the Frenchman's hand, in which was the lamp, pushed down through the hole in the floor, and at the same moment heard him roaring out for the guard.—He felt unable to move for an instant—the sensation of a night-mare oppressed him—his senses were perfect, but he could not spring from the horrid oppression which his terrible situation placed upon him. He heard distinctly the footsteps of the sentinel, as if leaving the room, and running towards the stairs which led to his comrades; and it appeared evident to him that the calls of the soldier were receding from his ear. He made a great exertion, and succeeded in restoring himself to his natural powers. In one moment he was outside the window, and in the next was across the garden wall, while the rays of the lights which the now fast approaching soldiers carried, flashed distinctly on the tree into which he was to climb. Fortunately for him it was not difficult of ascent; so he mounted on the side of the trunk which was in shade from the approaching lights, without having been seen by any of the

soldiers. Loud voices, in all directions, were to be heard, and as the men approached the tree, Redmond felt his last hope sinking. However, his pursuers, led on purposely beyond the tree, by the grenadier, his friend, continued to run forward, leaving him again in his rising hopes.—He saw no more of the soldiers; their lights gradually disappeared, and left him alone in temporary security. They had taken a different direction on their return from that by which they had issued in the pursuit.

Two hours passed—yet no appearance of the friendly grenadier. Time wore on—awfully indeed to Redmond, whose situation, should his friend not appear, was scarcely better than it had been three hours previously; for he was dressed in his own regimentals, and to attempt an escape in that dress would be hopeless. However, his deliverer did appear at last, and having whispered his arrival, Redmond descended from his hiding place.

"Follow me—slowly and cautiously," said the grenadier; "but first take off your coat, and throw it away; here is a French regimental great coat and shaco—put them on."

Redmond silently obeyed: close to his guide he proceeded through a yard that lay behind the house in which he had been but two hours before confined, and awaiting death:—they passed by a side gate, and found themselves in an open field.

"Now," said the worthy grenadier, "you are on a fair way to safety. See this wide ditch—you must cross it; then pass yonder wall, and you will find yourself on a wide plain, over which lies your way towards your countrymen. My own life would be in danger were I to go further with you. Our troops march in the morning to join Soult, and to attack the English—stop not on your road. Farewell!—you saved my life, my friend—I have risked it now to save your's. I am gratified by succeeding in so doing—do not stop to thank me—we, perhaps, may meet again; and if we do, we shall then talk of thanks.—God bless you! my young fellow. I may yet see you in your own country, out of which I hope—I *hope* I shall not die. —I see lights, and hear the commandant's voice—Farewell!—farewell!"

Redmond's thanks impulsively burst from his

eyes in hot tears—he pressed the kind soldier's hand to his breast, and having reiterated the warmest and most heart-felt gratitude, leaped the ditch over which his right road lay.

"Stop!" said the grenadier, "I forgot to ask —what is your name—tell it me—and your regiment."

"Redmond Allan—* * regiment."

"Redmond Allan!" exclaimed the soldier in frantic amazement. "Gracious God—my boy!—my child—fly—fly—O fly!" and he hurried back to the guard-house, while Redmond obeyed his request as rapidly as his limbs could carry him; for the voice of the commandant was now clearly heard by him, evidently inquiring into the cause of the escape. There was an expression in the voice and attitude of the grenadier as he left Redmond, which struck him forcibly, and had it not been for the extreme danger of delay, he would have stayed and endeavoured to know the meaning. The words "my boy—my child" struck him to the heart: he had never seen—never known any thing of his father, but that he was an Englishman,

and the thought that this soldier might be his parent, hung on him with the most intense power: but death stared him in the face, and a single moment might have destroyed him; therefore he could only obey his deliverer's directions, and fly.

# CHAPTER XXI.

A soldier's life is a merry, merry life,
He cares not where he goes,
In the burning heat of the summer's sun,
Or the cold, cold wintry snows.
On the ground he lies, though the dreary skies
His only blanket be,
In a sound sleep 'till the day's peep,
While he dreams of victory.

The country around Palencia, as well as the greatest portion of the province of Leon, is plain, and for the most part appropriated to the growth of corn; there are few inclosures, or ditches, or breaks of any kind, in the land, except near the banks of rivers. The roads leading from Palencia are very good, but should the traveller wish to ride over the plains, instead of the roads which run through them, he may do so, provided it be not

in the season when the corn cannot be injured by treading down. There is also a great extent of heath and pasture. A wide plain, therefore, lay before Redmond, when he cleared the boundary of Palencia; and as he was unacquainted with any road there, except that by which the Spanish farmer had led him, he felt the necessity of pausing to find it, lest, by proceeding at random, he might again fall into the hands of the French.

The moon, although not very bright, shewed sufficient light to direct his steps. He looked behind him at the cathedral, and, from its position, relatively judged of the road he wished to take, and found, fortunately, that it lay at but little distance from him. Cautiously, but rapidly, he proceeded onward, and without having met a single human being, arrived at the house of his friend, the Spanish farmer, where he determined to call, for the purpose of learning his fate, as well as of obtaining the horse that he had left at the good man's charge. He knocked, and in a few moments had the pleasure of hearing the Spaniard himself speak, who was no less happy in beholding thus safe the English officer who, he fully expected, was to be

hanged at sunrise. The farmer was a kind, honest hearted, and hospitable man, such as those who have travelled much in Spain must have frequently met, and instead of expressing fear at the chance of being again charged by the French with aiding the English, he rejoiced at Redmond's good fortune, expressed his pleasure at seeing him safe, and assisted him in the most anxious manner to complete his escape. He informed Redmond that he had been detained a prisoner at Palencia but a few hours—that not being able to prove any charge against him, and the principal people of the town having spoken in his favour, the French conceived that the fact of an English spy having come to his house, under the circumstances known, might naturally impose upon a simple countryman. Therefore they liberated him, and gave him back his mule. He also, with a chuckle of satisfaction, informed Redmond that the horse was safe; for his father had succeeded in turning the animal loose, saddled and bridled, into the fields, while the French soldiers had been searching the dwelling-house, and, when they departed, had brought him back. Redmond, expressed the warmest thanks for the Spaniard's

attention, and, as a moment was not to be lost, the French being expected to advance from Palencia soon after day-light, he mounted his Andalusian charger, and with the prayers of the farmer's family for his success, galloped off, his heart bounding with gratitude for the hospitality he had received, and joy at his providential escape.

A quarter of an hour's ride took him out of all chance of falling in with the enemy's piquets, and as the morning dawned which, but for the grenadier, would have brought him a horrid death, he offered up a fervent thanksgiving to the heavens which were now gradually lightening into day.

Oh, it is in such moments as these that the heart opens to its Creator, and clings in its lowliness to his Almighty Divinity! It is in such moments that the voice of God speaks to the soul in sweet melody, awakening its purest sensations, and exciting its best emotions. It is in such moments that the man becomes conscious of his own nature, and views from the precipice which overhangs eternity, and from which he has escaped a fall, the truth of this life's fallibility and the worth of the future. It is in such moments that the breath of God is felt,

and that it lights up the flame of adoration in the human heart, which shews the soul its way to Heaven.

Redmond proceeded by the town of Paredes, and there learnt the direct road to head-quarters, which the Spaniards informed him had on the preceding day moved on to Sahagun. He lost no time in going thither.

It was dusk when he arrived, owing to the heaviness of the roads; and having reported his arrival to Sir John Moore, the general instantly sent for him, for the purpose of making inquiries relative to the movements of the French, whose advanced guard, he had that day learnt, was near Palencia. Redmond, without concealing a single circumstance, related to the general all that happened to him since he had left head-quarters on leave, entreating pardon, and pleading his anxiety for the safety of all that was dear to him, and the great apparent hopes he had had of succeeding in rescuing the lady.

So singular were the circumstances of Redmond's entering Palencia, and being seized as a spy—so much of the heart appeared to plead for the errors of the head in the young officer, together with the

suffering he must have undergone, prevented all censure on the part of the commander, and he contented himself with a gentle advice. He informed Redmond, much to his surprise, that the lady, about whom he felt so anxious, had written to head-quarters, and that he had given Mr. Ostin, the chaplain, leave to proceed to the rear as her protector; that in case of the successful advance of the army they would return, but in case of reverse they would proceed back to the coast. The intelligence, as might be expected, delighted Redmond beyond measure. Sir John then concluded by asking him such questions as might tend to throw light upon the movements of the enemy: and when from those questions followed the truth—that the French army was not only at Palencia, but probably had advanced further towards the English, the general became agitated, and dispatched orderly dragoons in various directions with his commands. He then directed Redmond to join his regiment, which Sir John said he would find stationed a little distance in front of the town, because (as he intimated) the army might be engaged in the morning, and he would be sorry to keep him

from his corps at such a time—assuring him, however, that he should continue attached to the quartermaster-general's department. With this order, and a kind shake of the hand from the general, Redmond proceeded to his regiment, guided by his own servant, who, with his baggage mules, had accompanied head-quarters, and now was anxiously awaiting his return.

As he passed from the general's quarters through the town, an unusual activity seemed to prevail. Not a native was to be seen—every street was filled with soldiers, whose congratulations to each other on the approaching attack were loud and frequent. Brigades of artillery were advancing to their positions—patroles moving about in every direction—officers and non-commissioned officers busy in preparing for an early turn out—no man to be seen intoxicated—the mules of divisions all collected in particular places, foraged, and their baggage beside them, ready to be placed on their backs. The army seemed as if arranging for a grand review, rather than for a battle, which every man expected to be bloody and obstinately contested. The same degree of preparation appeared

along the road, during the mile which Redmond had to travel to the bivouac of his regiment; for the whole army, consisting of nearly twenty-five thousand men, were concentrated within a small space; it occupied only the towns of Sahagun, Grahal, and Villado, with one or two villages, and was in nothing like a strong position; but as the object was attack and not defence, this was of no consequence. The road, as he proceeded to the bivouac, he found covered with cars, mules, English soldiers, and French prisoners taken by the skirmishing cavalry in front, and now going under escort to the rear. Fires of the different regiments and divisions were to be seen every where around, and the country seemed more like the resting place of free hordes than a portion of cultivated and civilized Spain.

Redmond soon arrived at the bivouac of his regiment: this was situated on the top of a tolerably large hill, the face of which on the Carrion side was rough, bold, and overhung by venerable trees. Here stood three or four large buildings, something like farmers' storehouses or granaries, and a moderately-sized dwelling-house. In these houses were the men and officers of Redmond's

regiment huddled together—their picquets and advanced sentries numerously and skilfully placed along the brow of the hill and down in the valley, forming a part in the chain of watch-guards which were posted all along the English line of position, and who protected themselves from the inclemency of the weather by huts, built of sods and sticks. It snowed considerably as he approached the house in which were his brother officers, and, humble as the shelter appeared to be, it came most agreeably to Redmond, wearied as he was from both mental and bodily exertion.

His arrival was hailed by the officers with every mark of kindness and pleasure. On his first appearance in the house they fancied him a Frenchman, and for an instant felt surprised; this was owing to the shaco and great coat which he wore, and which the honest grenadier had given him to assist in his escape: but the mistake was soon rectified, and the cordial greetings of friendship substituted for suspicious glances. He was congratulated on his return by Colonel Howard with particular warmth, and his friend Ostin's heart bounded when he learnt from him that he

was to do duty along with his regiment in the approaching attack: both eyed each other, with looks which might be well interpreted to—"Should one of us fall, he shall have a dear friend to close his eyes." Gerrard, in speaking to Redmond on the circumstance of his sister's unexpected visit to Spain, informed him that the clergyman on hearing of her had instantly set off to meet her—that she had written to say she was then at Zamora, and that he trusted all would soon meet at Madrid. Of the cause of her thus coming out to Spain he was as ignorant as Redmond, and neither of them could offer an opinion upon the matter, so extraordinary did it appear.

Redmond's horse and mules were now housed—a temporary chair provided for him, made up of an old barrel and a piece of a plank, and refreshment placed before him on a rude table, around which sat most of the officers of the regiment, while a brilliant fire burnt in the hearth, and threw a colouring of comfort over the apartment, without which all would have been miserable indeed.

Mrs. Pommel, even in this rough place, retained

the dignity of mistress of the ceremonies, and we must do her the justice to say, that perhaps in no previous situation, relatively to the corps to which she belonged was she of such acknowledged service. There was such a happy mixture of the masculine and the feminine in her composition, that at such a time, and in such a place, it was found invaluable. She bustled about the crowded house; directed the servants how to arrange the beds (bunches of straw); made the most economical use of the blankets; superintended the piling of wood on the fire; prepared a supper out of coarse beef, water, salt, pepper, bread, and portable soup, that would have puzzled the talents of the memorable Kitchiner to have vocabulated or classified; obliged every officer with the use of her nutmeg and grater, as a salvo against the cholera; and delivered her sentiments on "discipline" while she was doing all these things—in short, she was as much in her element now, on the very eve of a desperate and doubtful battle, as she had been in the peaceful barrack-rooms of Bath. Her husband did absolutely on this occasion eulogize his "dear love" in a set speech; and she received a complimentary word

from every officer of the party.—After all, let cynics say what they please of women, they are good things in a camp.—Having placed with her own hands her nondescript but non-despicable dish before Redmond, stirred the fire, and ordered one of the servants to shake the snow off his great coat and shaco outside the house, she sat down at what appeared to be the head of the table, and having taken a small glassfull of cordial from her *garde de liqueur*, became very talkative; but, considering the unavoidable disposition to silence which pervades soldiers on the eve of battle, her garrulity was to be considered a relief from gloomy reflections.

"Now, my gallant officers," said she, "you see the value which *I* am to the corps—you see that out of all the ladies of the regiment I am the only one who has followed you to the face of the enemy, through rains and snows—through toil and privations: even the quartermaster's good lady has deserted you and returned to the rear. I have outstood—aye, better than some of the officers too —there's Sir Edward gone to the rear ill, and Mr.

Nickerman, also—one has caught a fever, and the other a rheumatism."

"I hope you may not have to regret doing as they have done to-morrow, my dear love! when our whole line shall be engaged," observed Major Pommel.

"Engaged!" echoed his better half, "what of that? We don't mean to run away. Do we, Colonel Howard?"

"I can answer for my corps," replied the colonel. "We shall not desert you, as you have so faithfully followed us."

"Engaged indeed!" continued Mrs. Pommel; "I can tell you that I have a great treat before me. I mean to post myself on the hill a little in front of where we now are, and to look on at the attack. I observed the ground to-day and know that the plan of Sir John is thus:—two strong columns of infantry, in the right one of which our division will be, are to push on by the main road to the river—force the bridge—penetrate through the town of Carrion—and push for Saldanha. Now, from this hill I shall be able to see the whole army as the different regi-

ments move down on the low grounds to form their columns. I shall then ride to a hill on the right and in front of us — shall see them advancing to the bridge—see them carry it at a rush—our cavalry fording the river—artillery covering the attack; and then I can at once spur on (Mrs. P. wore *one* spur), and safely rejoin you, gentlemen; for by that time Soult will have retired. I know the French are wholly unable to cope with us, disciplined as we are; besides, we are nearly twenty-five thousand, and they but seventeen. Was it not but the day before yesterday that Lord Paget, with but two hussar regiments, tried his British prowess and discipline against seven hundred of the best French cavalry, with a ditch before them? and did he not cut them to pieces or take them prisoners?—Gentlemen, mark my word, you will have some hard fighting at the river side: the bridge will be firmly defended—it is well fortified; but your work will be done in less than two hours."

"I hope so!" said most of the officers.

"But," observed Colonel Howard, "I expect that Soult will not retire on our crossing the river; he holds a good position at Saldanha."

"Yes," added Redmond; "and on the banks of the river, his artillery is well posted, and in great strength."

"That we shall carry the bridge, and push the enemy back upon the river, and that we shall defeat him if he stand, I have no doubt," observed Captain Ostin; "but this we shall not be able to do in two hours—we shall have some hard fighting."

"My opinion," said the colonel, "is, that Soult, when he finds himself attacked with the vigour which I trust he is destined to experience, will fall back, and endeavour to draw us after him, in the hope of being joined by the columns moving from Burgos. Our only chance is that he will give us a trial of strength at once."

The conversation now became very animated—most of the officers gave their opinions on the probable operations, and the success of the approaching engagement, amongst which those of Mrs. Pommel were not unheard. At length the colonel stood up, called for his cloak, and, accompanied by the adjutant, proceeded to visit the piquets and the quarters of the men. Mrs. Pommel arose,

and, with her husband, retired to a loft which had been given up to their sole accommodation, first having lighted her portable green wax taper, and wished all success on the next day. Some of the officers remained quietly at the fire, and smoked their cigars, while others, whose duty called them, proceeded to inspect their men for the last time that night; among those was Captain Ostin, whom Redmond accompanied, glad of an opportunity of a *tête-à-tête* with his friend.

The night had assumed something of a milder aspect than the evening had shewn; for when the moon arose, the sheets of sleet which drifted from hill to hill grew fainter, and soon left a quiet atmosphere; but the clouds, passing rapidly over the face of the heavens, shewed that the weather would not long remain tranquil.

Ostin and his friend Redmond passed into the large granary in which a great part of the regiment lay, and saw their grenadiers in the lower department of it, stretched at their lengths on the ground, their heads pillowed on their knapsacks. They were fully accoutred, and each slept alongside his musket, in order that they all might be able

to turn out at an instant's warning. As the officers opened the door, the light of a dim lamp, suspended from the ceiling, shewed them these hardy soldiers thus at rest. The corporal on duty instantly stepped up to the officers with a peculiarly smart air, and saluting them, awaited their orders, with an expression of countenance, which spoke more than his tongue could, and which Redmond soon recognised to be that of joy and satisfaction at the visit; for it was Miles Magoverin who stood before him, in good health—a smart, active, and well-looking non-commissioned officer. Redmond congratulated his *pupil* in the kindest manner; and the delight which Miles felt in shewing his "honour" the written confession of the deceased Andrew Gropp, was as joyfully contemplated as it was anxiously read by him.

"Well, Magoverin," said Redmond, "I am glad to learn this happy termination of your trouble: and I only regret that you have been so unfortunate as to be the victim of those villains."

"O, Sir! never mind the misfortune," returned Miles, his eyes sparkling with pleasure at finding himself in the presence of his respected *tutor*,

cleared of the imputed crime. "I don't care a farthing about it. It's all made up now, an', as I may say, completely amalgamated, your honour. I care nothing about the marks o' the lashes on my back, because I'm cleared o' the charge entirely, an' as good a man as ever, I hope—no thanks to my enemies. I was certainly ill traited; but it was because there was some people wished to do so, although, God knows, they had no raison; but as you know well, Mr. Redmond, *Si tu caro cædo canis, est facilis invenio fustis;* which is the ould proverb, you know, Sir, that if you want to beat a dog, it's aisy to find a stick."

The officers smiled at the corporal's observation, and felt the force of it, while the latter swelled with a glow of self-satisfaction, which none but he who has known what it is to quote with effect, from the learned languages, in good company, can duly appreciate.

"I see you can give us a little Latin as well as ever, Magoverin," observed Captain Ostin, who looked upon Miles's quotations now as the most convincing symptom of his perfect restoration to health.

"Yes, your honour; thank God, I'm fit for that, or for any other part o' my duty, though I'm not the schoolmasther now, but shuperceded in the office entirely."

"But, you know, this is no place for learning, corporal, except it be to fight," returned the captain.

"Faith you're right there, Sir; but we'll have a lesson o' that to-morrow, with the blessin o' God—an' a pritty apt set o' scholars we'll make. We'll taich the French fellows to know *good English*, any how—ay! an' may be a smattherin' o' good Irish as well—we'll make vulgar fractions out o' them, too, your honour."

Magoverin's sally received the expected smile of approbation; and feeling himself thus successful, he continued; at the same time turning a peculiarly expressive look on the sleeping ranks of grenadiers at his feet—

"Here's a set o' boys that can work their sums in that rule well—an' nobody can bait 'em at it either. You see, Sir, what nate steel pens they've got by their sides."

"Ay," replied Ostin, "and they'll have plenty

of *red ink*, no doubt, if they be required to prove their abilities in that way."

"By my sowl, you never said a truer word, your honour," exclaimed Miles, with a chuckle and grin that set the merry muscles of both the officers into a twitter; to check which they left the house—the captain directing Magoverin to look well to the light, and to return to his guard. The happy corporal instantly proceeded to obey the order, while Redmond and his friend involuntarily strolled to the brow of the hill on which their quarter stood.

From this point they could see to a great distance around; and it was a scene worthy of their contemplation. Sufficient light was above to diffuse over it a melancholy dimness, yet a distinct view of hill and valley, field, road, and river. Behind, and on each hand, lessening into distance, were to be seen the fires of the different divisions of the army, beside some of which the forms of the soldiers were plainly perceived. These were but the few whose duty obliged them to watch while the thousands of their comrades slept. In the officers' front, although not to be seen, lay their desperate enemy, entrenched behind the river, awaiting the attack. Little noise was to

be heard, save the passing of artillery, which was yet moving towards the front, on the road beneath them—the occasional call of the sentinels, and the neighing of steeds. Every field around was a crowded town of huts, beneath whose roofs lay, fully accoutred, and ready at an instant's warning for the battle, thousands of strong and gallant soldiers. The snow was on the brows of the hills before them; the trees, leafless, waved like spectres in the wind; and the waters of the river, now swoln by rains, groaned hoarsely as they passed, associating well with the ideas of the next day's carnage which flew across the minds of the young officers now gazing at the scene.

Here they remained, conversing on the matters which most nearly concerned them, as men on the threshold of eternity;—here, as overlooking their graves, they communed in the spirit of sincere friendship, and each detailed the wishes which he would leave behind him in case he should fall on the morrow, and, in return, treasured in his memory the words of the other. They were, at length, interrupted by the challenge of the nearest sentry, and the appearance of the colonel and

another officer, riding slowly up the side of the hill, on their return from visiting the piquets. 'Good night' passed from one party to the other;—all around was settled into stillness—the scene, lighted by the now high moon, seemed to hold no living thing—the thousands thickly strewed over it were as in death.

Redmond and Ostin now slowly returned to their quarters, and, wrapping themselves in their cloaks, lay down alongside of their brother officers to sleep the remainder of the night.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The rugged hill, morass, and dreary plain,
Lashed by the bitter winds and drenching rain;
The foe behind—the long, long way before,
Cheerless, from day to day they journeyed o'er:
Cheerless!—no—one sweet thought o'er all arose,
O'er all their pains—revenge upon their foes.

The day following that which we have described in our last chapter, exhibited the army in the highest state of preparation for the approaching attack, now definitively fixed to take place at eight o'clock in the evening. The bridge over the Carrion was to be forced, under cover of the darkness, and the army was to push on for Saldanha. Nothing could exceed the spirits in which every soldier appeared to be; cheerfulness and animation pervaded the whole, increasing as the daylight

receded from the sky. What had been so long delayed was now almost within their grasp; and the glory of conquering the French, (for of this, in case of action, they felt certain), driving them before the British bayonets, and establishing themselves in good quarters—all now promised to be consummated within a few hours. The bands belonging to every regiment—on the hill, in the valley, the field, the road, and river's bank, played down the sun with their national melody, while the duty-stirring drum and the echoing bugle of the light corps gave him a merry and a martial farewell, as he sunk behind the distant hills to his gloomy and misty couch.

Alas! these bright hopes were destined to sink with that sun!—twenty-five thousand of as fine and as well equipped soldiers as ever trod the green turf, were fated to turn from their foe, and to retreat over two hundred and fifty miles of a difficult country, in the depth of winter, pursued by a force nearly treble their numbers, and to leave behind them their looked-for laurels, as well as a great portion of their numbers! Unexpectedly as it was astounding, a sudden order was issued to counter-

mand the intended attack, and to prepare for immediate retreat. Every countenance fell—a sudden gloom seized on all. None blamed their gallant commander, Sir John Moore; for it was known, beyond all doubt, that the concentrated forces of all the French in Spain, was approaching them in every direction, headed by Napoleon; but all, from their hearts, pitied him, while they cursed the fate that had delayed them so long from the attack, and thus given time to their watchful and fearing enemy to bring together such an army as, by its numbers, must overwhelm the British, should they not retreat. The general himself was not the one who least felt this terrible change; his pallid cheek—his anxious eye,—his affected smile of calmness, shewed but too clearly the bitter workings of his soul, as he rode through his beloved troops, arranging for the awful work of the imperative retreat.

The first feeling experienced by Redmond and Captain Ostin, on hearing the news, was alarm at the danger which the rapid retreat of the army would throw around Emily and the chaplain, whom, they feared, might, by possibility, remain at

Zamora, ignorant of the disastrous turn which affairs had taken, and thereby fall into the hands of the French. Their alarm, however, abated when they reflected that Mr. Ostin must have, by the present time, arrived at Zamora, and that, in all probability, the news of the retreat would reach him and Emily, through the medium of the peasantry and Guerillas, very soon after it should be commenced.

The night passed over; but not as the preceding one: it was a night of wakeful regret to all. The morning broke in haze, and mist, and sleet, and the winds blew with a keener blast than before. There was no hope now to throw its rays over the dreariness of the weather, and all felt it in its natural inclemency.

The divisions of Generals Hope and Frazer were ready before day-light; and their columns, slowly moving by the various avenues leading from their bivouacs to the main road, followed by their long trains of baggage mules, their women, and children, were seen by the other divisions of the army, which were to remain one day longer as they stood, and contemplated, with many a sigh; for they

appeared, as it were, entering on a terrible desert, over which all must follow. Sir John Moore, with the reserve and the light brigades, marched on the next day, leaving Lord Paget, with his impenetrable ranks of beautiful cavalry, behind until night, to keep off the now advancing enemy, whose squadrons of dragoons hovered on the rear columns with impotent daring. Redmond's corps, although not belonging to the light brigades, was specially detained—it did not move until all the others of the reserve had commenced their march, and with it remained also the general himself, overseeing the orderly movements of each division, as it took the road.

The whole army, covered by their gallant and masterly cavalry, were now securely on their march, pursued by an immense host, under the command of Buonaparte (a general then considered as the giant of modern warfare), who pushed as closely on in the pursuit as the sabres of the British dragoons allowed him to do. These, however, were his masters; and although he at several times attempted to overreach that branch of the army by attacking it with the flower of his horse guards,

yet he as often found but a lesson to his future prudence to palliate present defeat. Never had the wearied stragglers of retreating infantry so clear a conception of the obligations which such should feel for their brethren of the saddle, than those of Sir John Moore's army felt, crossing the dreary plains of Leon, threatened as they were by crowds of the enemy's horsemen hovering round them—watching, and, often maddened by severe checks,—desperately attacking, but as often slaughtered or put to flight, shamed, and defeated. The Tenth Hussars acquired as much glory on this unhappy retreat as will suffice to keep their laurels fresh and blooming through a century of enervating peace. Yet they had but just come from London, and most of them had never seen the enemy but on this campaign—a fact which proves that refinement and luxury are not incompatible with martial prowess, courage, and endurance. Not that we would say the other cavalry regiments acquitted themselves with less ability; but on this corps, together with the Fifteenth Hussars, fell the heaviest portion of the duty.

The troops crossed the river Eslar, Sir David Baird by the ferry of Valentia, thus covering Zamora, and removing in a great measure the fears of Redmond and his friend for the safety of Emily and Mr. Ostin. Sir John Moore with the remainder of the army crossed by the bridge of Castro Gonsalo and Benevento, safely covered by Lord Paget with his light cavalry, who in executing this duty became the assailant, pursuing as a conqueror various detachments of the enemy's advanced dragoons. At Benevento, which the last of the army reached on the twenty-seventh, they destroyed the bridge, and posted strong piquets of cavalry along one of the banks of the river. Here it became the duty of Redmond's regiment to furnish piquets, and he himself was one of the officers on that duty. He was posted all night on a small hill outside the town, and in the morning had the pleasure of witnessing a scene which gratified his military enthusiasm, and compensated him for the fatigues of the march. It was an attempt which Buonaparte made to pluck the feathers from the helmets of our dragoons, and, to gain this object

he had little scruple in pitting two against one—man to man was out of the question.—Thus was the action:—

About two hundred of the English dragoons had been posted near a ford below the town—the French were on the heights on the opposite side of the river. At nine o'clock in the morning nearly seven hundred of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, commanded by General Le Febvre, a favourite cavalry officer of the emperor's. The horses of this guard were stronger and larger than any others of the French cavalry, and the men considered to be the *élite* of the army, splendidly equipped, and flushed with the pride of pursuit. Napoleon, in his grey frock and squared cocked hat, could be discerned on a height which overlooked the ford; and from this he beheld the conflict. As soon as the French dragoons were discovered to be fording the river and forming upon its banks, the officer in command of the cavalry piquets at hand formed up his comparatively small force, and attacked the squadrons of the French who were advancing; but with no effect, except that of alarming them, and gaining time until a reinforcement should arrive.

He manœuvred so ably as to check the enemy completely. In a very short time Lord Paget, at the head of the Tenth Light Dragoons, and General Stewart,* commanding a body of detachments, appeared. Colonel Otway's troopers saw this with bounding hearts: they joined the Tenth at a gallop. A pause for a moment ensued—the Imperial Guards formed up for the attack—the chivalric Paget gave the loud word of command, and his trumpets sounded the charge—a shout from his men, that shook the surface of the still river beside them, was the answer, and the gallant fellows dashed in upon the flower of France with a might and a fierceness that made Napoleon's eyes tremble as he gazed. Yet the Imperial Guard fought with desperation—and ably too; for they were never known to flinch: but mightier troops were before them—their broken ranks, the sinking efforts of their swords, and the groans of their dying and wounded, soon marked the superiority of the British. The French at length felt the folly of contending further, and fled as fleetly as their horses

* This officer (now Marquess of Londonderry) has lately published the best account of Sir John Moore's retreat that we have seen.

could carry them back through the ford, into which the English followed them, sabreing as they rode all within the length of their steel.

Thus ended Napoleon's experiment, leaving General Le Febvre, seventy prisoners, and sixty killed and wounded, with the laurels of the day as a consequence.

General Crauford having been now despatched for Orense with three thousand men, in order to prevent the French from coming by forced marches in the front of the English; the rear of the army marched out of Benevento on the road to Astorga, and the cavalry immediately after it, with whom the French, owing to this late dispute, kept up their *distance* much more punctiliously than they had done before.

Redmond's corps, although actively employed in covering the rear guard, as yet felt no very evil consequences from the march, although the rains and snows were often severe. As yet, indeed, so few days had passed since the retreat had commenced, that much evil consequence could not have been expected; however, there were in other regiments some melancholy symptoms already

beginning to shew themselves; several men had fallen sick, and some women and children were passed on the road, unable to bear the fatigues of the march: still, however, they were but few, and it might be said that the army was as yet uninjured by the march. It is only to be wondered at that many did not fall sick, when we consider that the whole usually slept in their wet clothes on the hard ground, and seldom ate a comfortable meal; but there is something in a collective action of defence, which diffuses spirit to every individual engaged in it, and bears them up against difficulties which, under other circumstances, would overwhelm them. One great good to Redmond's corps arose out of the evil feelings of Sir Edward; namely —it had very few women attached to it—at least, not so many as other corps; and on a retreat, like that of which we now write, women are the greatest embarrassment to the troops.

Mrs. Pommel rode on her gallant grey as boldly as the best, taking care always to start two hours before the corps; and, as she was the only lady in the regiment on this march, the best accommodation, of course, was afforded her—that is, the best

that the officers could offer her, which was but little indeed, and Mrs. Pommel was consequently often obliged to put up along with her good horse and rest her wearied limbs beside him, dressed in her riding-habit, and covered over with her blanket and oil-skin. She was frequently to be seen encouraging the soldiers of the various columns which would pass her, and as frequently was heard to declare, that what gave her support in her fatigues was the reflection that, under every privation, *discipline* was kept up to perfection.

Colonel Sir Edward Vandeleur was, as we before observed, sent sick to the rear, and, no doubt, had moved on towards Vigo on the news of the retreat. Nickerman, the only invalid officer present at Sahagun, wonderful to relate, had no sooner marched one day on the retreat, than he recovered from his "rheumatism," and stepped out as well as the best of them. He declared, on that occasion, that his doctrine of curing the disease was completely upset, for that he had found exercise in cold and rainy weather to act specifically in removing his pains.

Colonel Howard, like a genuine old soldier,

assumed even a more cheerful appearance than usual, and attended to the comforts (as far as in his power) of all his men, even before that of his officers, and lightened the heaviness of their duty by an amenity of manners and an activity of spirit that made a strong impression on all around him. Captain Ostin, and his worthy subaltern, Redmond, "roughed it," like stout grenadiers as they were, and forgot, in their exertions to lighten the labours of their brother officers and the men, all their own cause of care. As yet their baggage-mules carried on gaily, and enabled the corps, through the merits of some little comforts which they bore on their backs, to pass the nights comparatively well; particularly when the nature of their duty and the place afforded them the roof of a cottage or stable, beneath which to rest their limbs. Old Pommel smoked his hookah under all circumstances, and Miles quoted Latin to his friend Gregory Stubbs whenever they could get into a corner, or under the shelter of a bank, before a log-fire, over a "drop o' the rations," as the literary corporal designated what his thumping friend Stubbs so much esteemed.—In short, the corps might now

be said to be perfectly united, and, although under all the miseries of such a march, more really friendly towards each other than when quartered in the happy city of Bath. This benefit arose wholly from the changing of commanding officers.

They reached Astorga on the first of January; and here, from the size and importance of the town, they expected to be able to repair the damages of the march; but how were they disappointed to find every house filled with ragged, starving, and mutinous Spanish soldiers! The Marquis Romana had, in crossing the English on the retreat, thus embarrassed them: he had abandoned his position, and fled—(What else could he have done with such an army?)—and now filled Astorga, to the dreadful injury of the British, without any object of his hopes to be gained, but that of obtaining clothing from the British stores in that town. However, in this he was disappointed, being merely enabled to replenish his ranks with new muskets, the benefit of which to the cause of Spain, or to the ally that gave them, was but little indeed. Any thing but cordial feeling was to be observed between the two armies; and were it not for the officers of the

English, serious quarrels would have arisen. Even the peasants and town-people now began to insult their generous but unfortunate allies, for which injustice and brutality some of the Spaniards' blood unavoidably paid the forfeit.

It was from this time and place that the real miseries of the retreat commenced: therefore it may be said, that for the first week of the march from Sahagun, no extraordinary embarrassments occurred to the army. The aspect of the wretched Spaniards in Astorga was the first thing that depressed the feelings of the British soldiers; they beheld the wreck of their allies; their mules, cars, guns—all destroyed and strewed along the road—their clothes in rags—their feet bare and bleeding—disease in their frames—despair in their looks—crowding like over-driven cattle—some lying down in the streets, exposed to the rain, and regardless of again rising, while others, starving, stalked about and cried aloud for bread. This appearance of things first awakened in the minds of the English an apprehension of similar misfortunes to themselves who were now beginning to feel the first evil of such retreats as this, in the failure of their shoes;

for the rough and muddy roads over which they travelled, had deprived some wholly of those articles of covering, and partially destroyed those of others. Their provisions too were now scanty, the weather becoming still more unfavourable, and a vast distance over a mountainous country before them, with a well supplied enemy closely pressing them behind. The sensations thus awakened in the soldiery were sadly increased, when their own field equipments were ordered to be destroyed. Stores were burnt, tools broken, ammunition waggons blown up; in short, every thing belonging to the army, except their guns, and what the men carried about their persons, were consigned to destruction; and with the exception of new shoes, to which, all who required them, helped themselves from the British depôt at Astorga, nothing gave the slightest salutary check to the despondency which the scene of ruin had occasioned in the minds of the men. Regiment after regiment moved in straggling masses out of the horrid scene next morning, soaked with rain, drooping with despondency, heart-sick, weary, miserable, and began to spread over the long road, which,

for fifteen miles, lay open before them, gradually ascending a hill, bare, and bleak, and houseless; every horse and mule that yet retained their strength, exchanged their burdens of utensils for tired men, women, and children; and many soldiers who could not carry their muskets, added them to the weight on the animals' backs.

The first impression of despondency on the mind, under any extraordinary cause, is the worst: in every case a re-action partially takes place—the mind, elastic in its nature, returns in some degree towards its freedom; and if, at such a crisis, it be assisted in its natural exertions to recover, in most cases it will be relieved. The first burst of this feeling was permitted by the officers to exhaust itself, but the well applied energies of the commander of the forces, and his able chiefs, succeeded in restoring considerably the fortitude of the men. Sir John Moore, through the long line of soldiers, was to be seen—now encouraging, now commiserating—colonels of regiments, with their own particular corps, doing the same—and captains and subalterns following the example, with their respective companies.

Never were the energies of officers better displayed under such trying circumstances, than with Colonel Howard, Captain Ostin, and Redmond Allan: indeed, through the whole of the officers of the regiment to which they belonged; and never did soldiers exert themselves better to bear up against their troubles, than the men under their command did on this retreat. Even Mrs. Pommel, who, on the miserable march from Astorga, felt no trouble so oppressive on her mind — nothing which so loudly called for her reprobation and regret, as the general disregard to *discipline* manifested by the army—could not but express her satisfaction at the prompt exertions of *her* corps, to obey the friendly directions of her *brother officers* and return to good order.

Along the dreary hill the columns, or rather crowds, plodded their way in safety; and, as the men often turned their heads to look along the face of the ascent which they had passed, they could see the source of that safety in the gallant squadrons of cavalry, which could be observed when the French troopers approached too freely, to turn and wait coolly and confidently, for the further daring of the

foe, which, however, they soon found not likely often to occur. They could perceive the French, tracking, as it were, the English dragoons—advancing when they advanced, and halting when they halted.

Thus the army arrived unmolested at the village of Torre, which is three leagues from Astorga; and here the men felt a security they had not reckoned on: they found themselves in possession of mountainous passes which could be easily defended against any force, and which secured them from the danger of a sudden attack from the enemy. Therefore, at this place they slept the night in conscious safety.

Had the weather now been moderate, little disaster would have occurred: the men were returning to hope, and filled with fortitude; they had already passed nearly half their journey, and the reflection of having done so, was in itself calculated to inspire much confidence; but the weather, that destroyer of fleets as well as armies, increased in bitterness, and produced dreadful calamities. The rain fell in torrents, and continued with little intermission for the two days march from Torre; yet did the army perform in that time sixty miles of a

journey through hills and vallies, rugged ascents, and soft, muddy flats. The snows, now melting from the surrounding mountains, increased the streams produced by the rains, and inundated the low grounds. Mules and horses, at every step of the way, were yielding to the pressure of fatigue and dropping to die—men and women straggling hourly behind unable to bear up against further fatigue, and remaining stretched on the muddy ground to be rode over by the enemy. Those of the first division of the army who lagged behind, thus gained a day's rest; for the rear division always marched a day later than the other; so that those who were most weak and weary were consequently in greater numbers at the rear division than in the advanced. Hundreds at this part of the march drank to intoxication of wine which they found at Benevedre, and which they seized without fear of consequences: so that the road from Benevedre, as well as the town itself, was bestrewed with drunken, dying, reckless, and despairing human beings, who throwing themselves down on the road, were gallopped over by the pursuing cavalry. When the main body of the army

entered Villa-Franca, Sir John Moore found it necessary to resort to the example of punishment in the hope of checking the destructive excesses to which the men were beginning to abandon themselves. He not only ordered all those, who to escape death from the advancing French had mustered sufficient sobriety to run for their lives,—cut and bleeding as they were from the dragoon's sabres, to be led through the ranks of the army and exhibited as wretched victims to drunkenness. One marauder was also selected from the rest—an unpardonable villain—one who had not only plundered the houses as he advanced, but killed in cold blood an unoffending peasant, as he entered Villa-Franca, because the poor fellow did not bring him wine—a thing he was not possessed of himself. Orders were issued for the execution of this man; a tree in an open space was selected as a gallows; and, just before the day's march commenced, the troops were drawn up within sight of the fatal tree in order that they might behold this necessary execution, and take fair warning by it.

It so happened that Colonel Howard's regiment stood close to the gallows, the grenadier company

of it immediately under, at the head of which were Captain Ostin and his subaltern Redmond, while behind the rear rank stood Corporal Magoverin. On the rising ground before the gallows, as well as on convenient points near it, stood about six or eight thousand men, the corps of the rear-guard, and some miserable looking Spanish peasants were grouped around. It was about eight o'clock in the morning: the surrounding hills and picturesque mountains were capped with mist; the increased torrents roared in their course through the vallies over their stony beds; the rain had ceased, and the wind considerably lessened; but the sky was gloomy, and clouds flew fast across it, as if the upper regions were disturbed with storms. It was cold and bleak —the men shivered as they stood by their muskets, although most of them had, on the preceding night, dried their clothes by large fires. In a few moments the death-drum sounded, and the provost marshal, with his guard, appeared conducting slowly from a stable the malefactor, stripped of his jacket, bound, and bareheaded. The felon looked with a hurried glance at all around, and shuddered as he closely approached the tree, from an arm of which hung the

fatal halter. The men nearest the gallows now stared with astonishment, and ejaculated to each other their surprise: Redmond and Captain Ostin started as they gazed at the pallid and writhing features of the murderer; but of all the regiment, Miles Magoverin felt most astonished at seeing him; for it was no other than his former persecutor Richard Rafty! It appeared that for the last two days he had not been seen by the regiment, and now he had joined his comrades to die before them the death he so much merited. A loud murmur ran through the ranks—the cognomen of the culprit, "Dublin Dick," was echoed from all lips; and, from, most accompanied with the words "*Providence*" and "*retribution.*" All eyes were turned towards Miles Magoverin: and when those of the criminal fell unconsciously on the man whom he had so maliciously and wantonly persecuted, a convulsive shudder hurried through his frame. Short was the ceremony of death—few were the prayers the murderer said; the provost's assistant led him to the table placed beneath the halter, and mounted with him upon it: the rope was then fixed to its office, while the now half frenzied wretch uttered

cries of despair in his native accent—for the thought of death had deprived his tongue of its affectation—" What's all this for?—Murther!—Comrades, save me!—Oh, Lord!—Jasus!—Jasus, save me!—" But there was no help for the wicked; the table was pulled away, and as the felon's feet slipped from their support, the gurgling sounds of horror were stopped in his throat, and he struggled in the air until all was still in death.

The troops filed off, column after column, from this horrid, but unavoidable scene: the covering cavalry now rode by the suspended body; and soon the thousands of the enemy had an opportunity of seeing that the English were not either in such a hurry for the march, or in such a disorganised state, as to pass over the just infliction of punishment in their own ranks.

Miles Magoverin, although having so much cause to disregard at least the sufferings of this his enemy, expressed feelings of regret on the occasion, highly creditable to him. Few else in the regiment contemplated the fate of the man with any other feelings but awe and wonder, at the sure and dreadful hand of Providence. All knew that

he deserved his fate; and in consequence of the event, Corporal Magoverin became a greater favourite than ever. Why Rafty had not been along with his master gone to the rear, is accounted for by his having been discharged from the service of that gentleman and sent back to the ranks as soon as the confession of his colleague, Andrew Gropp, regarding Miles's innocence, was fully made known.

The army proceeded on the road to Lugo, where it arrived in two days, after having sustained two formidable attacks on its rear at two different towns. At both places, the light corps, and the one which belongs to our history, fatigued as they were, gallantly behaved, and defended the rear effectually.

The country now was broken—hill and rock, both steep and bold, with winding and bad roads; consequently, the number of stragglers, overcome with misery, hourly increased; the aching head, the bleeding and torn feet, the feverish thirst, and the stiffening pains, now strewed the way with human victims; while the hard-pressed and lasting fortitude of some held them up against these terrible tortures, and urged them to creep after those who yet

marched boldly on. Cold froze up the tide of life in many—even miserable mothers were forced to fling their stiffened babes from their arms! Human energy was never so demonstrated as on this part of the retreat; it sustained the troops through difficulties which few armies had ever suffered before.

The men bore on like true spirits, and as they approached Lugo, the rumour was, that Sir John Moore intended to make a stand at the town, and give their pursuers battle. This supposition acted like a cordial to their depressed minds, and all hearts brightened at the prospect. It is worthy of remark, that soldiers have the greatest antipathy to a retreat without fighting: consult them individually, and it will be found that they would at any time prefer being led to battle against their pursuers, than to continue a retreat. The prospect of a battle at Lugo forcibly supports this opinion.

To increase the miseries of this march to Lugo, Avarice came in with her baneful temptations. Twenty-five thousand pounds of specie, on its way from England, was met, and the boxes of gold and silver having been, by order, emptied over high precipices, many of the men who were well able to

continue the march, slunk down after the treasure, and having loaded themselves heavily, sunk under their treacherous burden, thus falling into the hands of their enemies, or perishing in the inclement mountains.

A range of small hills stand about two miles from Lugo, well flanked by bold precipices on both sides. In the front of these hills, across a fertile valley, is a range of heights: on these rock-flanked hills, Sir John Moore took up his position, no doubt with the intent to offer battle; and in case that offer should not be accepted, gain at least a day's rest for his wearied troops. He dispatched orders to General Hope, who was a day's march in advance with the first division, to return and join him. The enemy deployed on the heights in vast numbers on the 6th, and an attack from them was momentarily expected by the British.

However, both armies remained the whole of the day looking at each other, without a movement on the part of the French, and at night coolly piled arms, and lay down to sleep—a refreshment which all needed much, and which required not a bed of down to produce. In the forenoon of the next day

the enemy opened four pieces of artillery; but these were soon silenced by the British, and one of them was dismounted. A pause then took place until evening, when a column of infantry advanced across the valley boldly towards the left of the English, at which point was posted our history's regiment. Colonel Howard ordered his men to fall back to where the 51st, Sir John Moore's regiment, was; this done, both these corps advanced at a quick pace against the threatening column, which still approached—Ostin and Redmond at the head of their grenadiers. The ground before them was broken and woody, but the French still pressed on in good style. The English now paused, while their assailants moved round by a small defile, and passed through a bushy opening to the level ground, which stood between both—a wide space, with clumps of trees on its left: the movement, altogether, occupied about a quarter of an hour.—Both assailants are now near each other—they shout—they charge, and à bloody conflict ensues for a short time; but the French gave way. Ostin's grenadiers pursued the flying foe through the trees, and a complete rout was the consequence.

The French attempted nothing further; they saw that the fatigues of the march had not been sufficient to damp the eternal fire of the British soldier's breast, and that the advantages they had gained might be soon lost if they should risk a general engagement.

In this skirmish, although terminating so favourably to the English, a worthy acquaintance of our reader's met with a sad defeat—this was the acting Drum-Major Gregory Stubbs, and thus occurred the catastrophe:—

A little before the French column appeared descending from the heights which the enemy occupied, Stubbs and Magoverin were engaged in refreshing themselves with a roast—or rather a scorched goose, which the former had miraculously pounced upon somewhere on the march; for Stubbs was one of those excellent foragers that could manage to live where a whole division would starve; he possessed, in an eminent degree what the poet calls "the holy ardour of eating," and this faculty did as much for him as the ardour of fighting could do for the bravest soldier, in supporting him on a long and difficult march.

Stubbs and his friend were enjoying themselves, seated on a bank, the remainder of the regiment resting themselves, but under arms; and, as usual with these two professors, discussing agreeably a given topic; the present was an analization of a particular part of a drum-major's duty.

"I cannot help thinking it very hard, corporal," observed Stubbs, "that I, as a drum-major—an officer of the *musical department*, I may say—should be obliged to go into action; not that I am in the least afraid of falling, for I flatter myself that I can do a little as well as any man in the regiment."

"O faith, you can do a bit o' business in your present occupation, major," dryly observed Miles, at the same time glancing at the large limb-bone which Stubbs was actively picking. "You see what a clane *drumstick* you've made o' the leg o' the goose."

"That's a joke, Miles—it is too serious a matter for a joke, I assure you. I argue on principle—I am a musician: you are a fighting man—I'll do my duty—you do your's—let me *beat* my drums, you may *beat* the enemy."

"Why, that's a joke too, major," observed Magoverin.

"Hand me the brandy," returned Stubbs, with a consequential smile at finding that his wit was duly appreciated. "You hav'n't given us any lingo to-day," continued he, "so make a beginning, and let us have *Latin for goose*."

"I'll tell you what, Misther Stubbs," said Miles, as he helped himself to a horn of the liquor, and handed the canteen to his companion; "I'll tell you what it is: your talents are suffocated, as I may say, under a bushel; you ought to hould a different place in the army."

"Very likely," observed Stubbs; "but what should that be?"

"Why, in the *victualling* department, to be sure."

"Your health, corporal!—I believe you are right," returned Stubbs with a grin.

"No great enterprise can be conshumated an' undertaken in the field without a good commissariat," said Miles.

"With that opinion I perfectly agree; and I don't think we have had much of a commissariat

on this retreat, or we should not have left so many poor fellows dying behind us all along the road. For my part I have been my own commissary: look at this goose!—absolutely stuffed with turnips. —I tried hard for sage and onions; but, Sir, the country is exhausted. You may talk of generals and heroes; but I say that whoever provides the eatables is the real conqueror.—Cut me off the pope's nose, corporal."

"Is there two pope's noses in a goose?" inquired Miles, with apparent simplicity.

"Two!—No."

"Then I can't send you the nose at all, major; for I saw you bite it off yourself this mornin'. However, here's a bit o' the breast for you."

"Ha, so I did, so I did," cried Stubbs; "now I remember: I was certainly very hungry."

"Look, look!" suddenly exclaimed Magoverin, pointing to the opposite heights; "don't you see a long line o' Frenchmen moving down that steep hill there?"

"I do indeed, corporal."

"Put the goose in your haversack, an' I'll take

the canteen, for we'll have some work directly. —There's our drum, too—do you hear?"

"I hear it, sure enough," replied Stubbs, as he placed the mutilated body of the goose in his haversack: then, starting up, he seized Miles by the cross-belt, and, with a face expressive of astonishment and perplexity, cried—

"Listen to that rascal—he has spoiled it, Sir!"

"Spoiled what?—who?" demanded Miles.

"That d—d little Bob Thompson—he has ruined the *beat!*"

"Pooh! never mind; let us go," said Miles, anxious to fall in with his company.

"He has missed a double tap with the left hand stick, Sir."

"O, the devil tap him an' his drum to boot! Why, man, the enemy is comin' upon us; we must have a tap at them!"

"There again!—left hand stick too!—Rot him, I'll soon change his note; he is a disgrace to the drums!"

"See, the men are falling in: don't let *us* fall

*out* about little Misther Thompson.—That's our place; so come along."

The two friends instantly joined the ranks, and the affair proceeded as we have before stated. However, as Stubbs's regiment fell back through a broken and woody ground, he having straggled a little from its flank, suddenly disappeared by making a false step on some half-melted snow, which, yielding, permitted him to pass rapidly down a declivity of about twenty feet through an immense mass of weeds, and snow, and mud, astonished, alarmed, but quite unhurt by the fall.

Finding himself in this very unexpected situation, Stubbs's presence of mind forsook him for some minutes, otherwise he would have succeeded in returning to his regiment before the French could have come up. It was doomed to be otherwise;—the enemy was passing above his head, and already did he perceive the leading files of the column crossing an opening space at a distance, where the hill from which he had fallen descended to the flat ground. Stubbs, who still was only half elevated from the earth on which he had fallen, now lay down at full length, perhaps to

recover still farther his scattered senses—perhaps to avoid the passing glances of the enemy. He listened, and fancied he heard the sound of voices on another side—he turned, and saw, to his horror, a number of French grenadiers mounting a rugged bank at about two hundred yards from him. They must pass close by him; that he considered was inevitable. A jutting corner of a broken and shelved rock was near him; he crept to its base, and climbed up its craggy side, about ten feet, to where grew a thick mass of briars and weeds. Under or into this mass he insinuated his body, and fixing himself on the ledge of the rock over which it hung, he was tolerably well screened from superficial observance. The French grenadiers now passed beneath him, and he saw them join the column. Presently the shout of the charge struck his ears, and in a few minutes he beheld his own regiment pursuing the flying French up to the hill under which he sat. Had the pursuit taken the ground below him, he would have been safe; but no, it was above his head, and his fate was still doubtful. This doubt increased to almost fearful certainty to Stubbs, when he saw several straggling

French running back on the plain ground above which he sat. They were now close to him—one of them espied him, and, with a "*Sacre, Anglaise!*" cocked his piece and levelled at him. The drum-major roared in an agony of terror at the sight! The grenadier fired!—it was all over!—Stubbs fell to the earth from the seat on which he had hoped to have escaped the dangers of the fight, and rolled at the feet of the passing foe!

The grenadier company of the fallen drummer's regiment, now at full speed pursued a crowd of the French down the flat where his body lay; and Captain Ostin, who knew the friendship which existed between his corporal and Stubbs, with good-natured presence of mind, cried out, as he ran by at the head of his men—

"Magoverin, fall out, and look to the drum-major!"

Miles obeyed, and with the genuine feelings of his heart approached the body of his friend, to mourn over it, recount the virtues of poor Stubbs, and close his eyes. He felt his hand—it was warm, but the cheek was pale.

"Spake to me! spake to me, major!" cried the

corporal with a burst of grief; "O spake! it is your ould friend Miles, that you wouldn't flog, and that will never desert you for it!—No, he's gone for ever!—he's gone, he's gone for ever!"

Miles dropped the hand which he had held in his, and fell upon his knees, praying loudly to Heaven for the soul of his friend. He turned again to gaze on the face before him, when he suddenly started up, exclaiming,

"He stirs his finger—there—there again.—He's not dead!—he's not dead!—glory be to God!".

Then raising up the head of the drum-major he rested it against his knee, and in the kindest manner besought him to speak. Stubbs opened his eyes—the ruby of his countenance glowed again—he rubbed his head with both his hands, and, after a short pause, soliloquized thus:—

"Where am I?—I had a dream—I thought I was shot, and fell from a rock where I had been sitting.—Stay—no, no, it was no dream—there is the rock."

Then perceiving Miles supporting him, he jumped upon his legs, seized the corporal's hand, and cried out most strenuously,

"Miles, my dear fellow! O, I am so glad to see you—wont you stick by me?"

"To be sure I will;" replied the agreeably disappointed corporal: "but are you wounded?"

"Wounded! yes, of course—I'm shot.—Are the French coming this way?"

"No, the rascals are off, and our grenadiers in full chase afther them."

"Oh!" cried Stubbs, drawing a full breath, "what a desperate brush we have had!"

"Faith, we had, sure enough; but whereabouts are you wounded?"

"Here, I suppose—or here—or here, I think," answered Stubbs, placing his hands on various parts of his body; "but I know I am wounded somewhere.—Stay with me, Magoverin; for you know I might bleed to death."

The corporal now minutely examined the limbs, body, and head of the drum-major, in order to ascertain the seat of the wound, but without effect. At length he began to suspect the true nature of the case, which was this—Stubbs had been stunned or frightened into a sort of swoon; so having received a full admission from his friend's own

lips that he felt now as well as ever he had been in his life, Miles's joy and mirth flowed fully forth, amongst which the drum-major found a fair quantity of good-humoured raillery.

"How did this fit take you?" dryly demanded Miles.

"Fit!—*fight* you mean, corporal. I was attacked by eight or ten at once."

"Aisy, now, major—no Longbows," returned the corporal.

"'Pon my honour!—" solemnly rejoined Stubbs —and, after a short pause, "I'll tell you how it was!—I came to this opening here through yonder hole in the high bank—that is, I slipped and fell down through it when the regiment was falling back; but owing to the softness of the clay and slant of the bank, I escaped unhurt—a little muddy you see, that's all."

"A *little* muddy—why, man, you're a walkin' lump o' mud entirely," interrupted Miles.

"Well, that's no matter," returned Stubbs, "the rain will wash it off.—However, I was making the best of my way towards the opening, which you see there at a distance, when several Frenchmen

pounced in upon me—I drew my sword, and stood on the defence—of course we fought—three on me at once were too much—besides several shots were fired at me by others at a distance. I stood it as long as I could; but fell at last, overcome by superiority of numbers. However, I have this satisfaction—I killed my first opponent."

"Killed!" ejaculated the corporal.

"Yes—ran him clean through.—O, 'pon my honour—"

"An' I suppose," observed Miles, "you sarved him as you did the goose that you caught last night."

"How?"

"Why, after you killed him you ate him; for I don't see any body here but ourselves, dead or alive. Where is he?"

This was a poser to the valiant Stubbs; he hesitated, looked a little puzzled, and then replied:—

"Why, I cannot say exactly where he *is*."

"O, I suppose he ran away," observed the corporal.

"Perhaps his comrades carried the body away," coolly returned Gregory.

"But I hard you say when you came to yourself, that you had been sittin' on a rock, and were shot off it—eh?"

"No, no; that was a mere vision—I was dreaming."

"By my sowl, an' it's very likely you were also draimin' when you killed the Frenchman," observed Miles, with a look of unanswerable drollery. "Ay, an' perhaps your cocked hat was draimin' too, when it went up there into the bushes."

Stubbs looked at his elevated hat, rubbed his head, and after a little hesitation, cried—

"Ah—I now remember—my hat *was* shot up there clean off my head."

"Pooh! never mind, my worthy," said Miles, handing Gregory his canteen, "you're alive—an' out of all danger to boot, *Gratias Deus!* so take a drop out o' this."

"'Pon my honour, I had a very narrow escape," observed Stubbs, as he elevated the mouth of the canteen to his own; "your health, corporal!"

"Aisy—aisy," interrupted Miles, with mock solemnity, "there's one caution I would give you

before you drink:—take care that brandy doesn't inflame your *wounds*."

The two friends, thus happy in meeting after having felt the thought of eternal separation, now sealed their happiness with the contents of the canteen. The grenadiers of Captain Ostin soon returned from the pursuit. Miles fell in along with the men, and beside him walked the drum-major, who received a shower of good-humoured jokes from all parts of the ranks as he joined them, with the congratulations of the captain and Redmond on his unexpected resurrection.

The reception which the French met with in this affair, seemed to have determined them to prosecute no further their views of a general engagement. Nothing of an annoying nature was attempted on their parts, and Sir John's army was quietly permitted to enjoy one day's halt. This was an advantage; and to make it still more so, the general marched his forces away as the night fell, first having lighted fires at various points of his position in order to lull all suspicion of his movement.

Although the rain fell heavily during that night's march, yet the men bore it with better heart than

on preceding marches, arising from the spirit with which the two days' rest and manœuvring the enemy had inspired them. They arrived at Batanzos next morning; a town within a short distance of Corunna; and here they halted another day unmolested by the enemy, a few of whose dragoons only appeared. The spirits of the men, almost worn out as they had been, now hourly increased as they approached the sea, and they arrived at Corunna, if not in the most desirable state for a general action, yet with a courage and a strength of nerve calculated to render them desperate opponents.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Yet, worn and weary though our soldiers be—
Benumb'd their limbs with cold—sore sad and sunk;
Still have they hearts that burn—still deathless fire,
As hath the frozen wine—within—within.

THE advanced-guard, under General Hope, which had, during the retreat, always preceded the main body of the army one day's march, had now been a day at the termination of their memorable journey, when Sir John Moore with his troops arrived. Part took up quarters in the town of Corunna, and part was posted outside. Not a British transport had yet come round from Vigo for the embarkation—another misfortune! thus adding to the many that already had crowded on the

amiable, gallant, but unfortunate general. A position was therefore taken up about a mile before the town on a range of small hills; for it was now probable that the French would make a last effort to destroy their wary and able enemies.

Four days the British remained without any movement having been made against them, and during this time the men became considerably refreshed. Shoes and arms were delivered out to those who were unsupplied with such necessaries; rations were regularly served; the men built huts for themselves of such material as they could procure, and repaired, as well as they were able, their now ragged clothing. The natives also, did every thing in their power to contribute to their comfort, and thus the damped but imperishable fires now blazed stronger in the soldiers' breasts than at any other period of the retreat. The prospect of battle, too, produced more animating effects now than since they had left the banks of the Carrion, for they felt more and more galled as their persecutors continued to pursue them; and there was a feeling of sweet revenge—of pressed down giant pride springing up to hope, that glowed in the bosom of every

individual. The men were heard to rejoice that the transports had not yet arrived from Vigo; for in this they reckoned on an opportunity of doing something, before they should quit Spain, worthy of their nation. The day of fight to them would be the day of vengeance and retribution; but to have embarked without a battle would have been the finishing stroke to their misfortunes.

In front of the small hills on which Sir John Moore took up his position, was a range of bold heights that swept in the form of an irregular amphitheatre around Corunna. On these heights the French posted themselves. Between them and the British was a tolerably wide valley, in which stood the village of Elvina and several detached houses.

When the troops had been properly refreshed, the commander of the forces, in order to cover the embarkation, drew up his men along the hills above mentioned. Sir David Baird was posted on the right of the position, General Hope on the left, and General Leith in the centre; General Frazer protected an approach to the town on the right, and Lord Paget was stationed with the reserve (his

cavalry having embarked,) about half a mile in the rear of the right. Thus disposed, their great enemy in front, (Field Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia,) might well contemplate with wonder the patience, fortitude, and physical strength of those British soldiers he fain would conquer, and the (to him) unexpected talents of their illustrious general. His telescopes could neither discover a defect in their equipments, nor a fear in their faces; three days' rest and official care had repaired, in a miraculous degree, the ravages of nearly three weeks' incessant marching, under disadvantages that might have overwhelmed an army of inferior organization and less physical power. He now beheld the British daring him in the teeth; and although inferior to his force in numbers, yet presenting to him but little hope of an easy victory, should he seek a battle.

On the fourth day after the arrival of the army at Corunna, the first symptoms of attack were manifested. The morning was clear; our particular regiment was posted on a hill in the front, at the bottom of which the men had erected temporary coverings in the shape of huts formed by

weeds and sods placed on pieces of wood attached to the trunks of small trees which grew in a cluster there. Redmond Allan had been on the top of this hill, observing with his telescope the various points of the heights on which the French were posted. While thus engaged, he perceived a body of the enemy moving under arms towards a hill possessed by the 95th rifle regiment, and another body evidently moving from a different point to the support of the former. His first thought was to report the circumstance to his colonel ; but on turning his eyes to his right, down in the valley behind, he saw the commander of the forces riding with some of his staff. Redmond instantly ran to the general, and informed him of what he had just seen. Sir John Moore thanked him warmly for his promptitude, and immediately galloped up to the top of the hill, followed by Redmond to take an observation of the enemy.

The general now applied his telescope to his eye, and having looked attentively at the hills before him for a few moments, exclaimed with a smile of satisfaction,

"You are right, Mr. Allan; they are throwing

out their feelers; but the rifles are ready for them."

Then despatching two of his aids-de-camp with orders to various parts of the line, he again thanked the young officer, and with a kind "good morning," galloped onward towards the threatened point.

Redmond remained watching the progress of the enemy, and saw the column which first alarmed him descend from its height, and advance boldly towards the rifles, who now commenced to fire on it. Two pieces of artillery were quickly brought to bear at another point on the English lines; but had scarcely opened their mouths when they were silenced by the British guns. All the officers of Redmond's corps were now on the top of their hill, with their field-glasses, observing the attack; and the men drawn up on the side of it enjoyed the view as boys do a mimic combat on the stage. But the exhibition did not last more than ten minutes; for the French retired under a heavy shower of musketry, without attempting any thing further at that point. On the right, however, they began to move — bodies of troops were occasionally to be seen passing down from their position towards the British advanced posts. One

in particular, consisting of about a hundred men, attacked, and took possession of a house about half way between the two armies. It afforded Redmond and his regiment, as well as several other corps near, a pleasant spectacle, to see with what precipitation the Frenchmen were ejected from this house in a few minutes after they had taken possession of it. This was done by a well directed shot from a field-piece; the ball struck the house, passed through it as well as the crowd within, and hurled the greatest portion of the walls into ruins. But Redmond and his brother officers took their turn in the skirmishes of the day; and, although no English bayonet was called, or could be called, into action, owing to the caution of the French, yet their muskets did some execution on the skirmishers that advanced against their post. Indeed there was something about the appearance of their regiment, particularly the grenadier company of it, that, except on very urgent occasions, kept their bayonets unsoiled—the French did not like close quarters with them.

What with advancing and retiring—threatening and yielding—a gun firing here—another there—

displaying a column now—now withdrawing it—the day was spent, and both armies remained quiet for the night. However, some lives were lost, and amongst them Colonel M'Kenzie, who, at the head of his corps, the 5th, charged two pieces of artillery. His horse was first shot under him; he mounted another, returned to the head of his men, and fell, mortally wounded by a musket-ball.

The fleet of transports having arrived during these skirmishes, the cavalry, the artillery, the women, and the sick, (among whom was Mrs. Pommel and Lieutenant Nickerman, that officer having become "*all over pains*," since his arrival at Corunna), were now embarked; and with as much regularity as if the enemy had left them to themselves. During this time, also, was the magazine, containing four thousand barrels of gunpowder, which was sent from England, blown up. The operation was executed with the most perfect caution and safety: it, however, shook Corunna like an earthquake.

The next morning the men were under arms before day-light, but as nothing appeared to be doing amongst the enemy, they piled arms, and refreshed

themselves with a breakfast of cold meat, bread, and a moderate portion of grog.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, as they were lounging on the side of the hills, the officers in groups, conversing on the probabilities of attack, Drum-major Stubbs, who had been surrounded by a number of listeners, whom he was entertaining with a recital of his late miraculous escape, suddenly exclaimed,

"Hush!"—Then after a short pause, continued, "That's a drum!—I'll swear it:—there—there—there! Listen: I'd swear to the French beat."

All exclaimed in affirmation, and rising from the ground, directed their eyes keenly towards the heights in their front, from which appeared to have come the "*beat*" so acutely discovered by the drum-major.

The sounds increased,—and now bands of music were heard at a distance. The officers immediately ran towards the men, the colonel mounted, and the regiment was under arms in a few moments. All eyes were fixed on the heights before them. Presently, bodies of cavalry and infantry ap-

peared approaching—marching quietly to the sounds of their bands of music, drums, and fifes.

"Look, boys," exclaimed Miles; "see our artillery lads, how they are a-goin' to work over there on that bank, across by the trees there on our right; you'll see how soon they'll give 'em a '*God save all here.*'—Hooh! no sooner said than done—there they go!—Arrah! long life to your iron throats, any how; it's you that can spake to the French with efficatious understanding."

All gazed at the moving column of the enemy, in the hope of seeing the effect of the balls hurled at them across the vale by a brigade of artillery on the right, but none of them seemed to go home to their intended duty; the distance was too great.

Redmond and Captain Ostin, at the head of their company, now applied their glasses, and commented to each other on what they looked at. The men, one and all, became silent, and listened with acute attention to every word that fell from their officers, in order to learn the movements as they arose, and draw inferences from their observations.

"This is something like a preparation for business, Redmond," observed Captain Ostin.

"It is indeed," said the subaltern. "See those fellows on the top of that hill,—how they dig! they seem in earnest with their work: they are erecting a battery there you may depend upon it, and a very good spot it appears to be. You see it commands the village."

"True," returned the captain; "and, look, their shacoes are appearing all along the line of their position. There is a body on that hill to the left, lining the ridge which commands the road; and observe, there, the artillery descending—two, three,—four guns!—Ah, we shall soon have something to do!"

"That we shall," said Redmond; "and there is little doubt that we shall do it well. Just turn to your right and left, and observe *our* hills; look at the glistening bayonets—they are not rusted by the retreat,—and observe the steady fellows lining every point of our front.—See the guns peeping out from their banks—and our general above all—here he comes, at a gallop, after his troubles, fresh and fearless: he looks like our enemy's master."

"Attention there, grenadiers!" exclaimed Captain Ostin; and Colonel Howard now riding along the front of the regiment, repeated what the captain had said, in preparation for the presence of the commander of the forces, who now mounted the hill towards them.

An unusual glow of satisfaction was diffused over the general's countenance; a brightness was in his eyes, and an elevation in his carriage, which spoke the return of his long oppressed hopes. He cast a scrutinizing glance at the corps; and as his eye met Redmond's, he smiled a look of recognition. He then complimented Colonel Howard on the appearance of the men, and rode off towards the right extremity of the line, followed by his staff, and accompanied by several general officers.

In less than ten minutes, the French were seen moving—now pouring down their tirailleurs in crowds from their hills against the right; and the British skirmishers were firing on them: these were seen to cover the advance of strong columns, which now descended, further covered by a tremendous roar of cannon from the heights. One of

the columns pushed towards the centre, one towards the left, and two towards the right. The British guns now opened from various points on the advancing men, while those of the French were seen descending rapidly to come within good shot. Their ground was higher than that occupied by the British artillery, consequently they fired with more effect. On at a steady pace advanced the attacking columns. On to meet them boldly moved the British, covered by the raking fire of their artillery, well placed, and out of present reach of those against whom they were directed. Rounds of musquet firing now rattled every where; yet the French advanced regardless of the numbers which were momentarily dropping. Drums and bugles rang through the hills—mounted staff officers, both French and English, galloped in all directions—and battalions moved up at quick time to the support of their threatened and attacked comrades in front:—one of these battalions was that of our hero's. The great object of Soult was to penetrate on the British right, that being the weakest point; the single columns, therefore, which he directed against the centre and left, were

only for the purpose of embarrassing all: the great push was made on Sir David Baird. Battalion met battalion, and showered amongst each other thousands of bullets; cannons roared over their heads on the heights; but little impression was made: the enemy could not penetrate more than half way on the hills of the British. During this bloody conflict, the French detached a body to outflank the right and come in its rear; but with the promptness of superior mind and military skill, the 4th regiment, which was at the extreme point of the line, threw back its right wing, and presented them two fronts; at the same moment levelling with precision their fatal muskets, they poured in a volley amongst those who stretched towards their rear. Sir John was near, and delighted with the movement, cried out, "Bravo! that is exactly what I wished." The artillery of both sides at this point now approached each other, and dreadful execution followed. The 50th regiment, as the 4th had completed its manœuvre, tired perhaps of firing, and seeing the advancing mass somewhat stunned, levelled their bayonets, and with a shout charged—the 42d followed the

glorious example—"Hurrah!" was the word, and the kilts were upon them!—"Well done 50th! well done 42d!" cried Sir John Moore, waving his hat, and rising to his full height in the stirrups. A mightier rush no enemy ever felt; they ran back, but neither the intersecting ditches nor walls with which the ground was bespread, could stop the pursued or the pursuers.

The French were driven down from the hills they dared to attack, and half way up to their own positions—their cannon only escaped capture by a swift gallop. Still was there a desperate conflict going on a little further to the right—a struggle for the possession of the village of Egina, and also a detached house, from which a battalion of French had kept up a galling fire. Our hero's regiment was here desperately engaged along with others. Twice was the village attacked; but the hordes which occupied it could not be dispossessed. The 42d was now sent against it; the guards also. One trial more:—the onset was begun—shouts and cheers told loudly what was soon to come. The charge is made—the enemy receive it—a moment, and the blue ranks are broken—

they struggle, but they fall in hundreds. "Well done, well done, my grenadiers!" exclaimed the general-in-chief to Ostin's company. "Well done, my officers," to Redmond and his captain, who with the energies of innate might and courage, bore on their men over every obstacle. Their gallant corporal, too, amply shewed that although mild and kind, gentle and inoffensive, in his barracks or quarters, he could be the lion in the field: the Frenchmen, fell before his blows as he advanced, and with such prowess, that even in the whirlwind of the conflict it went not unobserved by Colonel Howard, who, alas! in this attack, and in the very act of applauding the corporal, met an unlucky ball, and fell lifeless from his horse.

In the terrible fury of combat many gallant French soldiers struggled to the last, and some made their foes pay dearly for the fight. One of those distinguished warriors, fearless and wild, with bloody sword in hand, strode over his fallen comrades against whoever opposed. Redmond happened to meet him, burning in the frenzy of martial glory, and fiercely attacked him, steel to steel; but no sooner had both closely approached

each other than they instinctively checked their arms, and stood a moment motionless—it was the generous French grenadier to whom Redmond had been indebted for his life—on whose mysterious words, uttered at their last parting, he had so deeply thought—before whom he felt an unaccountable awe—it was he whom Redmond himself had saved from the sabres of the Guerillas! No time was left to speak—death was raging around—the grenadier started as at the sight of a spectre. "Redmond, my brave Redmond!" he hastily exclaimed, and fled from the spot with the bound of an antelope. The eyes of the youth followed him through assaulting soldiers; the but-end and the point were aimed at him as he passed on, from all quarters; but he parried and avoided, passed safely on, and regained the main body of his flying comrades.

Lord Paget's reserve could now be seen pursuing the flying foe at some distance—still more to the right of this village an attempt had been made to outflank, and this was the result. His lordship had a pleasant chase after the troops that tried the experiment (it was little more than a chase), and

completely routed them. The centre and left of the line, during the whole of this time, had enough to do; but they did it well; and victory was every where smiling on the British troops.

It was at the early part of the attack on the right that Sir David Baird was shot in the arm, and carried off the field to lose it. It was in the midst of this, also, that the greatest calamity of all happened:—even as Sir John Moore was gazing with delight on the successful charge made against the village, encouraging his troops, and glorying in their efforts, a cannon ball from an opposite battery struck the shoulder of the chief, and hurled him from his horse, lacerated and bleeding!

The painful news flew, through several of the men, and in a moment Redmond heard it. Like lightning, the youth bounded back to his beloved commander. He found him lying on his back, and one of his aides-de-camp—Captain Hardinge, who had, on seeing the general fall, dismounted—standing over him in convulsive agitation, and holding his hand. That gentleman had tied his sash round the wound; but it still was bleeding profusely. Surgeons had been sent for in all directions—alas!

to no purpose; for when they did arrive, the hero, conscious of his fate, requested them to leave him and yield assistance to the men who lay around; *they* needed it, he said—to *him* no human aid could avail. The fallen chief turned his placid countenance towards Redmond, and said, with a smile and a calmness that astonished all around,

" Think nothing of this, Mr. Allan—it is only one life after all."

The tears rose in the eyes of Redmond, Captain Hardinge, and the soldiers who stood near; all of whom now assisted in removing the general behind a wall which sheltered him from the fire of the enemy's battery.

" Mr. Allan," said he, as they laid him down, " your regiment has behaved nobly—tell Colonel Howard I have said so—you have all done your duty gallantly.—Is the village taken?"

" It is, your excellency; and the enemy are flying before our troops," replied Redmond.

" That is as it should be," observed the chief, with a smile of heartfelt satisfaction.

" But," continued Redmond, " our excellent colonel is no more."

"Killed!" exclaimed the general. "Poor Howard," continued he, after a short pause, "he was one of my best—but, thank Heaven, he has covered himself with glory."

A blanket was now ready, and the bleeding general placed carefully on it. As this was being done, Captain Hardinge and Redmond offered to unbuckle the General's waist-belt and remove his sword, which they observed touched his shattered arm, and might give pain; but the hero, seeing their intention, said to the officers—

"It is well as it is—I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

Six soldiers of the 42nd now gently raised the blanket from the ground, and proceeded slowly towards the town. When they had carried him from behind the wall where he had lain, he desired them to stop.

"Turn me round," said he, "and let me see them once more."

The soldiers obeyed, and the dying general fixed his eyes steadily on the now distant troops, who were in hot fight and victorious pursuit.

"That is your regiment ascending the hill,

Mr. Allan. Gallant fellows, go on with your victory."

Then turning to Captain Hardinge, he asked whether he could see the 42d or not; on which the aid-de-camp pointed out where that corps was still fighting.

"Are they advancing, Hardinge?—my sight is weak."

"Yes, your excellency—it is their firing you now hear," replied the captain.

"Hark!—yes!—yes!—they are advancing—the firing grows fainter. Glorious fellows!—thank God!"

He paused a little—closed his eyes a moment, and then heaving a deep sigh, turned to the men who carried him, and said—"Now, soldiers, take me away."

He then rested his gaze on the dreadful wound, and having surveyed it with calm attention for a few moments, laid back his head on the blanket, and closed his eyes, exhausted.

The officers would have proceeded with him to Corunna, but he requested them to remain in the field. A sergeant and two spare files were now

directed to walk beside him; and thus the bleeding chief was carried from the field of his glory.

Redmond proceeded to join his corps, and Captain Hardinge to bear the sad tidings of Sir John Moore's fall to General Hope, on whom devolved the command.

Whilst the French were foiled in their main strength and beaten completely on the right, their efforts on the left and centre were equally unsuccessful; and the victorious Britons, after having made their assailants fly in all quarters, stood firmly in their position when the night closed over the field.

As the evening grew into twilight, the body of Colonel Howard was searched for among the dead: it was found and buried by his men, deeply regretted by all; but most by Corporal Magoverin. The wounded of the regiment, amongst whom were two captains and six subalterns, were collected and sent into Corunna. The embarkation proceeded through the night; brigade after brigade filed off to the ships, leaving strong piquets, and two thousand men, as a rear guard, under Major-General Beresford. The boats were all in readiness, and the whole

of the army, except the rear guard, was embarked before day-light next morning.

Sir John Moore expired a few hours after he had been wounded ; and his body would have been conveyed to England by the soldiers who loved him, but that he expressed a wish to be buried where he fell—on the ground of his victory—the best grave of a soldier. And they made him a grave—a glorious grave : the hands of his victorious warriors dug the earth, and their tears sanctified it ; the night-star was his funeral torch, and the billows of the beach sung his holy dirge. He was carried to the ramparts next the sea by the high chiefs of his army, and there laid in the earth—his body still in the martial covering which in life ornamented him, but which now received a lustre from his blood, more brilliant than its gold. They laid him in the calm and quiet grave; his countenance, as in life, mild and benignant; he seemed asleep—and it *was* a sleep—a sweet sleep: peace—peace—peace be o'er his cold bed ! Let no disturber of the honoured dead e'er stand upon the earth above his breast, or carve upon it aught but "glory." Let no rough winds blow over it, to

scatter the consecrated dust of the hero; but the soft and gentle breezes of kind nature murmur hallowed songs upon his pillow!

The morning dawned—the crowded beach was deserted—the rear guard's last files were in the boats—the Spaniards were gazing at their parting hopes, sad and sullen—the ships were ready to weigh—the French guns, from a height which commanded the harbour, now impotently fired; and now the last boat had pushed off from the shore, when a soldier was seen running wildly to the beach, and calling loudly on the men to wait for him. His call was not effective: he stood by the waves. Several Frenchmen now appeared as if pursuing him: he turned and looked towards them; struck his forehead in seeming agony, and then jumped headlong into the sea. Redmond and the officers of his regiment with feelings of astonishment, saw him, from the deck, swim rapidly to the nearest transport, where, seizing a rope which was thrown out to him, he mounted like a sailor into the ship, and waving his cap in the air, cheered with loud exultation. His regimentals were evidently those of Redmond's corps and company; yet, what surprised

both him and Captain Ostin, as the man boldly swam near them, was that neither of them, nor yet any of the grenadiers, knew his face.

The transports were soon under weigh, the wind was tolerably fair, and the victors of Corunna set sail for England, carrying with them the admiration of their gallant but defeated foes, who stood upon the shore, and saw their hoped-for prize pass from their power into the bosom of the British kingdom—the sea.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

O, they were a set of jolly, jolly lads,
And they quaffed their ale with glee;
For their home was there, and they left their care
Far over the wide, wide sea.

From the severity of the weather, and the necessity that existed of putting the returning troops on shore, the transports made the first ports which came within their reach. Those containing our particular regiment arrived at Portsmouth, and landed the men immediately on the spot from whence they had set out but a few months before. But how different was the corps in appearance! Instead of eight hundred soldiers, its complement, it now mustered only two hundred and thirty! What with killed, wounded, sick, and those un-

avoidably left behind on the retreat, five hundred and seventy men were missing. The clothing of the corps, too, was now in rags, and of such a colour as scarlet cloth assumes when a long time exposed to bad weather and constant wear. Many had lost their caps and shoes, few could boast a stocking, and some were without still more requisite articles of dress; yet the men were healthy, hardy, and cheerful. The officers were not much better off in their clothing than the men. However, all were in their native country, over which the French had never moved a cannon, and, therefore, within sight of all that they wanted, and with which they were soon supplied.

The regiment marched to Hilsey, a village three miles from Portsmouth, and there was quartered. In this village is a little inn, at which the traveller who valued his comforts would not at that time have stopped, if he could have proceeded to Portsmouth; but which many of the officers quartered at Hilsey, from time to time, were obliged, not only to put up *at*, but to put up *with*. For the men it was a sort of canteen, and in its old-fashioned kitchen many a

story of "flood and field," had been told. This kitchen served a double purpose; it was large; and that portion of it which was not employed in the accommodation of cookery, was laid out neatly with well washed deal seats and tables for those guests who might seek and pay for its hospitality.

On the night of the regiment's arrival at Hilsey, this inn became a cheerful recreation to Miles Magoverin and a party of the Grenadier company, in which was also the acting drum-major, Mr. Gregory Stubbs. The kitchen seats were filled with soldiers, but Miles and his select acquaintances occupied a snug box near the fire. The hilarity which diffuses itself over the mind of generous and elastic natures, when a great difficulty has been achieved by it, or when danger is gone by, diffused itself through all present. Although their external aspect was in no harmony with joy within, yet did their hearts leap in holiday gaiety; the cup, and the song, and the story of personal prowess, went round in happy succession: Miles Magoverin's Latin and long words flowed freely; Stubbs drew his long bow in delightful accompaniment; and

each felt that he enjoyed a moment of pleasure which outweighed all the toils and perils of their late campaign.

In the midst of this sunshine of the heart, a tall weather-beaten soldier walked up to the fire, and stood with his back towards it, apparently for the purpose of listening to the merriment of the Grenadiers. Miles was in the act of amusing the company with an adventure, in his best style of language, when the stranger (for the soldier who stood at the fire was a stranger to all there) fixed his penetrating eyes on him, and looked so steadily, that the eloquent corporal twisted pleasantly out of his narrative, and good-humouredly addressed him—

"Why, you look at me, comrade, as if you had seen me afore. You are not one of our own lads either, though I see you have got the jacket on. But, *voro fistula*, at any rate—that's wet your whistle, my boy. Here—hand him the glass, Stubbs."

The stranger, in the most frank and agreeable manner, took the glass out of the offered hand of

the drum-major, and drank, "*Success to the heroes of Corunna.*" The toast was echoed by all, and cheered till the house shook.

The stranger was now offered a seat in the circle of the grenadiers, which he willingly accepted. His address, his fine soldierlike appearance, and his willingness to enter into the spirit of the party, rendered him an immediate favourite. He told them that he wore the jacket of their regiment from necessity—that he had found his own useless, and had stripped one of the dead' to serve his turn. On this, all strained their eyes to examine the jacket, in order to discover, if possible, to whom it had belonged, and consequently so far know who was killed in the action. The lapels, the skirts, the buttons, the collar, and the lining were forthwith scrutinized, and at length one exclaimed, having discovered a name written on the lining, that it was *Ned the Ripper*, of the fourth company, who had owned the jacket. "*Poor Ned!*"—"*Poor Ned!*" now passed round from every one of the grenadiers, and a sigh, a prayer, and a draught of the inspiring beverage slowly followed.

Soldiers' sympathies for fallen comrades are warm, but not of long duration; particularly when pleasant mirth and pleasant ale are opposed to the indulgence of them. Ned was soon for the time forgotten, and the merriment of the hour resumed.

"Your health, Corporal Magoverin," said one of the party; "and allow me to say that I am an old soldier. I have been in Egypt, and hotly worked, I assure you, in the sight of the brave old General Abercrombie—Heaven rest his soul!—and although I saw some good business that day, I must do you the justice to say, that no non-commissioned officer there did his duty better than you did at Corunna."

The inward-swelling corporal now thanked the veteran in a "neat and appropriate speech," in which were sundry quotations, concluding—as men of higher rank than he has often done—with toasting many happy years to him, his wife, family, relatives, friends, and connexions."

"You all behaved well," exclaimed Stubbs, "and so did I, myself."

At this a roar of laughter burst forth from the

company, completely quenching poor Stubbs; however, his health was drunk, by way of resuscitation.

"What desperate work the French gave us at the village," said the veteran: "three times were they assaulted."

"Ay, ay," observed another, "but that was owing to the battery on the hill—how they *did* pelt away."

"Yes, but we soon made them *gallop* away," cried a third; "their guns very narrowly escaped."

"They were pouring down all along the line of our position; I could see clouds of them every where."

"Ah, by my sowl," dryly returned Miles, "but we gave it to them in perfectionate combination. The 42d an' the Guards, an' the dirty half hundred—that's the ould 50th—an' ourselves just took the rag off the bush—O Christ! what mince mate we made o' them!"

"They fought well too," observed the veteran, as he applied a full glass to his mouth.

"Well!" echoed the corporal, "by the powers! if they didn't fight betther nor well, we should not

have had such a hard day of it. Did you see that terrible fellow that ran away from the sight o' Misther Allan—tundther an' ouns! how he did lay about him! It was when the rush we gave made the French simultaneously evacuate, you know: he was just goin' to rap at Misther Ostin; but he seemed to take a sudden thought in his head, an' away he gallops through hundreds of our men. I had a crack at him myself, but couldn't hit him—faith, every body had a crack at him; but nothin' could touch the devil, he laid about him to such a degree of invetherate outrageousness."

Every body now pushed in their observations, with such effect that nobody heard: general noise, the inevitable consequence of such a meeting, took place; but with not a whit less of enjoyment than when all heard.

In the midst of this confusion the stranger took his opportunity of whispering to Miles Magoverin a hint on the nature of his business, which had the effect of drawing both into close and separate conversation, perfectly secret to themselves, on account of the universal talking around them.

"Have you an officer in your regiment, whose name is Allan," inquired he.

"Yes," replied Miles, "an' he's my own liftenant—long life to him! a betther fellow never stepped in shoe leather nor he is."

"His name is Redmond Allan, is it not?

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"He and Captain Ostin are gone to Bath, on some urgent business, and he is to return in a day or two. The captain's sisther is there, and so is my wife, Kitty, God bless her!—all as happy as doves, at Colonel Raven's."

"Where did he come from?" demanded the stranger, after a short pause.

"From Ireland—sweet Killiny-hill," replied Miles; but, correcting himself, continued: "no, no, not altogether from Killiny-hill; but from Dublin-bay: he was fished up out o' the wauther there one night."

"Fished up! how do you mean?"

"Why, you see he'd been takin' a ride through the elements on a log o' timber, an' when he got to a sufficient elevation, you see, the laws o' gravitation

wouldn't allow him to go any higher; so down he tumbled into the sea."

"Pray explain yourself," said the stranger, who now became somewhat impatient at Miles's metaphoric answers.

"Well then, I'll tell you; he was blown up out of a ship one evenin', an' Captain Ostin, who was then a gossoon like himself, saved him with his boat. I remember the time well; for it was myself that rubbed him down, and curried him like a young coult to keep the cowld out. Faith, I may say *tempus fugo;* for that's six or seven years past. Sure it was himself that made a scholar o' me; I'd ha' never spoken a word o' Latin but for him. I was schoolmaster to the regiment afore we went to Spain, through the classic ejucation he instilled into my principles."

The stranger now grasped the hand of the corporal, and with satisfaction beaming from his eyes, fervently exclaimed—

"Thank God!" he then continued, in a subdued voice; "corporal, you are his friend—I will entrust you with a message to him: bear it to him,

the moment he returns to his regiment, faithfully and secretly, as you are a good soldier. Tell him, that the French grenadier whom he saved from the Spaniard's vengeance, and who was not ungrateful, is now in England, and will soon see him. Tell him, that he will bring him important and welcome tidings. Tell him you have seen him."

Miles, now having made the stranger repeat his directions, and, having himself conned them over, scrupulously, promised to obey, in the longest and most chosen words, and with a gravity of countenance suiting the subject; for every thing concerning his patron's interest was of the greatest importance to Miles.

The *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the loud voice of the landlady, followed by her appearance. She came sailing down through the centre of the crowded kitchen with the air of a commander-in-chief, her stout figure enveloped in a red poplin gown and a mob cap.

"Open your files there, my lads, and let us see the fire. One should think you had had fire enough among the French. Ay, ease off to the right and

left, and let the rear-rank men have their share. You 42nd there, you are a stout fellow—just handle that poker, and stir up the fire."

"Let *me* do it," cried an old staff-sergeant who sat near the hob, and who seemed to be no stranger to his seat: "I know how you like the poker to be handled, Mother Heldershaw."

At the name of Heldershaw, the strange soldier who had been talking to Miles turned towards the landlady, and eyed her a few moments. The woman had at the same moment caught his glance—she stopped—stared attentively at him—the soldier felt confused—drew his cap over his face, and arose from where he sat—pressed the corporal's hand—darted through the crowd, and was out of the house in a moment, followed by the anxious eye of the landlady.

"By the powers, Major," exclaimed Miles, to his friend Stubbs, who was engaged in staring at Mother Heldershaw; "the Missus o' the house has frightened away that poor fellow; I suppose she put him in mind of his wife, that he evaporated with such alacrity."

"Do you know her?" whispered Stubbs, with

a peculiar elevation of his brows and distention of his eyelids. "Look at her again—no, I see you don't, corporal: but you hav'n't such reason to recollect her as I have. D—n her, it was she that knocked me down with a bottle in the tent, at Colonel Raven's."

"O! musha blur' an' ouns!—is it—is it—is it possible?" exclaimed, the astonished corporal, "by the piper o' Moses it's no body else.—O, an' look how she's furbush'd all over with frills an' furlimagigs: did any body ever see such an altheration!"

"I'll go and speak to her about knocking me down," said Stubbs, rising at the same moment, but stopped by the hand of the corporal.

"Aisy, aisy," said Miles, "don't spake to her now; you'd hurt her feelings: take another opportunity, man, when there's nobody present, '*tempus est pro omnis res,*' that is, there is a time for all things. Besides, she might hit you with the poker—look what an arm she has got."

Stubbs taking the hint sat down, and hilarity resumed its course for the remainder of the evening.

The landlady was, indeed, the identical woman

who had overthrown the drum-major in Colonel Raven's park ; and the inn, of which she was the hostess, was that which she had purchased by the money extorted from the colonel, as described in a former part of our history.

## CHAPTER XXV.

I love the deep and melancholy gloom,
That hangs around the marble of the tomb;
I love the fitful winds, that whistling wave
The long grass on the humble village grave;
I love alike the quiet homes of death,
But why I love them, earthly tongue can't breathe.
Yet to my heart a spirit speaks in these,
Passing in truth all human languages.

When the regiment arrived at Portsmouth, Redmond and his friend, the captain, lost not a moment in seeking out information as to the fate of Emily and Mr. Ostin: all they could learn, however, was vague and uncertain. They, therefore, at once proceeded to Bath on temporary leave of absence, determined to apply to Colonel Raven for explanation of the extraordinary circumstance of Emily's going out to Spain.

They arrived at the hotel in Bath about mid-

day, where, having refreshed themselves, they ordered a chaise and proceeded at once to Vandeleur-hall. The day was gloomy, and the wind flew in fitful blasts over the dry fields, and moaned with a spirit's voice as it hurried through the leafless trees that waved their naked arms across the road on which Redmond and his friend travelled. The melancholy hue of January was spread over the face of the country, and threw into vivid contrast the recollection of the scene which was there instead, when last they travelled the same road—the day on which the *déjeûné* was given at Vandeleur-hall. The minds of the two friends seemed to sympathise with the gloom of the day, and to increase in depression as they approached their journey's end: some undefined fear, connected with the object of their visit, was the cause; and with Ostin, the thought of his Charlotte's fate weighed considerably upon him. For half-a-mile of the road they both sat wrapt in revérie. At length Ostin observed, as he pointed towards a high, jutting bank, o' ertopped with trees, and which bounded the view of the road at a short distance in front of the chaise—

"We shall see the house, Redmond, at yonder turn of the roads."

"Yes," said Redmond, "I remember that the full front appears at that point embedded in groves; and, if I judge rightly, we are now within a quarter of a mile of the gate at which the regiment entered the grounds when we were last here."

"Now we shall see it in a moment," returned Ostin, as the chaise flew round the projecting bank; "there it is; and even in winter you see its aspect is beautiful. How fertile and picturesque is the wide country around it!"

"The architecture is chaste and elegant," observed Redmond. "What harmony pervades the whole!—what effective proportion!"

"But, look," said Ostin, in a hurried manner, "is that a hatchment over the portico?—it is, it is—O, Redmond, the death vision was but too true—she is gone for ever!"

Redmond fixed his eyes on the mansion, in a vain hope of finding the surmise of his friend erroneous, but was soon convinced of its truth: it was a hatchment, but for whose decease he could not guess: neither could the postilion inform him;

that individual being one of those muddle-headed beings, occasionally to be met with in Somersetshire, who can scarcely remember their own names.

The chaise rolled up to the gate, and was admitted by the porter, who was dressed in deep mourning, and who, on inquiry, informed the visitors that it was for the death of Lady Vandeleur, he had put on black livery; but to all other inquiries he could answer not; having been only the last four and twenty hours in the service of Colonel Raven.

Although the melancholy intelligence removed the great oppression which so suddenly had come over Captain Ostin, yet it produced a feeling of true, but different sorrow in his breast; and Redmond's heart was forcibly struck with it; for he had conceived a regard for Lady Vandeleur, almost amounting to affectionate friendship: her peculiar air, her conversation, her melancholy situation, as regarded her brutal husband—all had fixed on his mind a respectful tenderness, that now deeply exerted its influence over his feelings. Both he and his companion were silently bearing their thoughts

on the melancholy subject, when the chaise stopped at the door of Vandeleur-hall.

The rolling of the wheels over the gravel way, as the post-boy drove up, had awakened the auditory faculties of the servants; and the door was consequently opened by two of them, as Captain Ostin put his head out of the chaise to inquire for Colonel Raven. One of them was about to reply, when his attention appeared to be arrested by a loud voice within; and the man turned a little back from the door to reply, when two others approached him at a quick pace; whispered to him; then all came to the door and eyed the visitors, the post-boy, the horses, and the chaise, with an air of such superciliousness, that Ostin felt it necessary to cry out to them :—

"Fellows! answer me; where is your master, Colonel Raven?"

The demand startled the servants; and after a little fidgeting on their part, one of them, a fat old man, approached the door of the chaise, and respectfully said, that his master the colonel was not at home. The visitors then left their cards,

with a request that the colonel would please to wait at home for them on the following day, unless he should prefer calling at their hotel before three o'clock, as they wished to have a communication with him relative to Miss Ostin. The servant received the commands respectfully; but, to several questions put to him concerning Miss Vandeleur and the late Lady Vandeleur, he would give no reply, save that "he had orders to answer no questions to any body." The officers, on hearing this, ordered the post-boy to drive back to Bath.

This extraordinary reception had the effect more of alarming than irritating the visitors; they feared something undefined in Emily's case, yet they dared not entrust their tongues to communicate upon it. Both, however, expressed their determination to see Colonel Raven before they should quit Bath, even were he entrenched in his park, under the full belief that his present extraordinary conduct (for they felt convinced that he was at home when they had driven to his house) could not arise from any thing but a consciousness of not having acted fairly towards Miss Ostin.

During the drive back to the hotel, they can-

vassed over and over again every circumstance that they could fancy to belong to the matter; but without coming to any other conclusion than that the colonel had at least given sufficient cause to Miss Ostin to have made her withdraw herself from his house.

A short time after their return to the hotel, it was agreed between them, that letters should be written immediately to London, to Heatherhill, and to the several ports at which any of the transports from Vigo might probably have arrived, in order to catch, as soon as possible, a clue to where Mr. Ostin and Emily might be; and having dispatched these, they determined on visiting the tomb of Lady Vandeleur.

Accordingly, they proceeded to the cathedral at Wells. The gloomy light which the evening shed through the windows of the holy temple; the silence which pervaded the long aisles; the feeling of living death which the marble figures imperatively impressed on them—these, with the solemn tones—the Lydian mood of the fine organ—now swelling in rich harmony, now dying on the ear in soul-touching melody—disposed the impassioned

minds of Redmond and Ostin to a melancholy, which none but such as they, and under such circumstances, could feel.

As they passed along the centre aisle, Captain Ostin's attention was arrested by the appearance of a female figure kneeling before a marble bust; she was in weeds, and beside her stood a matron-like female, gazing intently on her. The kneeling figure arose—he caught a glimpse of her countenance through the gloom—he started and grasped Redmond's hand—

"Now for the truth," said he; "look, Allan! Do you see her?—It is my Charlotte, or her death-fetch."

"I see two female figures," replied Redmond.

"Now she approaches!—Look at her countenance!—It is just as I saw it at the church-yard!—O, Charlotte, Charlotte!—Speak to me, my love!"

Ostin trembled—his sight almost failed. Redmond himself was not without emotion. The figure approached—it stopped—the countenance at once became animated—the smile of happy recognition was in her eye, and on her lip—they were in each

other's arms in a moment. No fetch—no vision—no air: all life, and soul, and beauty. It was Charlotte herself.

The lovers had scarcely returned each other's affectionate greeting, and Redmond his friendly inquiries, when a well-dressed, but rather vulgar looking man appeared, and walking with somewhat of an air of authority up to Miss Vandeleur, begged her to step aside. She did so, and he whispered something in her ear, at which she turned her eyes suddenly on Ostin and his friend; paused; then impressively said,

"I must go—farewell!—farewell!"

Her lover sprang to touch her hand; but she fled, rapidly followed by her female attendant and the person whose whisper had evidently caused the sudden check to Ostin's rapture.

"Follow her at a distance," said Redmond.

The hint was scarcely wanting: both kept their eyes on her, until they saw her handed to her carriage by the interrupter of the lover's peace, accompanied by her female attendant only; and as the wheels moved rapidly away which

bore Miss Vandeleur, the waving of her fair hand announced to Ostin how reluctantly she was leaving him.

Disappointed as the lover was in his newly blazing hopes, he felt happy—delighted. The thought of his Charlotte being yet unnumbered with the dead, was in itself an earthquake of joy to his heart; for he had been accustomed to look upon her death as little short of a certainty.

When he and Redmond returned to the inn, the lieutenant seized an opportunity to rally his captain, on the absurdity of his reasoning on, and belief in the fact of having seen a death-fetch; and having done so, endeavoured to account for the phenomenon; but with less effect than attended his raillery.

On the following day they were to meet Colonel Raven, according to their desire, should that gentleman feel disposed to see them. Such disposition, it seems, the colonel did not possess; for, having waited at the hotel a full hour after the appointed time for his coming, Redmond and Ostin were necessitated to give up their expectation on that point, and determined that as the mountain

would not come to them, they would go to the mountain.

They drove off at once to Vandeleur Hall, determined on an interview with Raven, if that could be accomplished, even should force, or stratagem, or both be necessary. But neither availed: they were received with every mark of politeness by the servants, and learnt satisfactorily that their master had, on the preceding night, set out for London, accompanied by Miss Vandeleur. Although they could not rely on the testimony of the colonel's retainers, as to the place to which their master had gone, yet they, from many circumstances, judged that he had at all events left Vandeleur Hall. Indeed, the keepers of the turnpike gates through which they necessarily went, informed them that the colonel's travelling equipage had passed them on the preceding evening, evidently setting out on a journey.

On returning to the hotel they found, to their no small delight, a letter from the chaplain, stating that he, with his sister, had arrived safely at Portsmouth from Vigo, and that he would remain there until their return from Bath to their regiment.

Redmond's pleasure at the intelligence may be easily conceived. Great as Ostin's, as a brother, was, the lover's was still greater. A moment was not to be wasted; it was evident to them that Raven had not only left Bath, but had taken Miss Vandeleur away also: therefore nothing remained to detain them from their regiment; so they ordered post-horses, in order to start for Hilsey that night.

As they were about to set out from the hotel, the London coach drove up, loaded with passengers, and a little, old, powdered personage alighted, talking very fast—sometimes to himself, sometimes to those within reach of his tongue. He seemed to be attended by a little withered man, about his own age, who descended from the top of the coach, carrying with him an old valise, tied all over with ropes. This little attendant was dressed in a long brown body-coat, ornamented with white buttons, each as large as a crown-piece; a long, red, double-breasted waistcoat; tight sheep-skin leather breeches; blue worsted stockings, and immense shoes, tied with double-knotted leather strings: he also wore a sun-burnt buckle wig, on which sat a new felt hat; and this cravat, of blue cotton, resembled a

small horse collar. He stared wistfully around as he alighted: and as he followed the powdered personage slowly up the steps of the hotel, his embarrassment—his *tout ensemble*, caused a smile in all who saw him. Some delay happening to occur in arranging a portion of the harness of the chaise in which Redmond and the captain sat, obliged them to have a short conversation with the little powdered gentleman; for he returned from the hotel, and approaching respectfully the chaise, addressed the officers thus:—

"Gentlemen, I understand that you are going to Hilsey, and that you belong to the **th regiment: my son is an officer in that regiment—his name is Nickerman—Lieutenant Nickerman. I have not seen him for two years; and now I find, by his letter to me, dated Portsmouth 7th instant, that he was wounded and taken prisoner by the French, and that he narrowly escaped, by cutting his way through a body of the enemy. He is a fine young fellow, and as brave as a lion—do you know my son, gentlemen?"

"Yes," replied both the officers.

"'Fore God! I'm sorry you are going; I should

like to have had a little chat with you about my son—are his wounds dangerous, think ye?"

"I have not heard the surgeon's opinion on *that* point," emphatically replied Ostin, with a smile.

"Of course, of course, Sir, it is impossible to say in such cases; but, I can give you a reason why the wounds must be severe; it is this—"

"Good evening," said the captain, as the horses started away from the door, and cut Mr. Nickerman's sentence as cleanly off as could the Turkish scimitar his head. He stood gazing a moment at the rapidly rolling vehicle, and then finishing his cloven sentence in a murmur to himself, returned to the hotel. With the little gentleman we beg to return also, while Redmond and the captain pursue their road.

In an apartment on the ground floor, before a fine blazing fire, which bade defiance to the approaching twilight, sat Mr. Capel Nickerman and his companion of the rope-tied valise, a person of whom we have made honourable mention in an early part of our history. It was nobody else but himself, and, in his Sunday clothes, Mr. Barny Cooly, mine host of the "White Cross.

"What a strange thing it is," observed Mr. Nickerman, as he drew a chair, and sat in front of the fire, to the partial inconvenience of Barny, "that the post-chaise, which overtook us at the end of our first stage from London, should never attempt to pass us, but to keep in our track all the way."

"Musha! it is in throth, masther," said Barny; "an' the man inside was muffled up so that nobody could tell what the puck he was at all—whether man or baste."

"I suppose it will soon be in Bath; and perhaps set up at this hotel," continued the little book-keeper.

"God ha' marcy on us—I hope it is not a ghost coach an' horses!"

"A what?"

"A ghost coach, Sir," replied Cooly; "I've hard ov 'em often and often in Ireland: sure, Squire M'Carthy's great-grandfather's hearse an' six black horses made a full stop in the road; an' all the whippin' in the world could get 'em to move a toe, until Father Blake got up out of his warm bed, an' shook a bowl o' holy water over 'em—ay, an' as

the priest went home that night, he could see the hearse an' the horses gallopin' afther him all the way to his own house, where he was obliged to give 'em a 'pather an' avy,' an' then they flew off, all in flames an' blazes!—O, I know there is such things as ghost-hearses an' coaches, for a sartainty."

"Pooh, foolish old man!" ejaculated Nickerman; "that may do in Ireland, but your ghosts are scarce commodities in the English market. Let us now to business, Mr. Cooly: had you not better give that valise into my charge, and let me take it to the gentleman? He is a magistrate, and every thing shall be conducted with due propriety. Indeed, you might have much better given it to me on your arrival in London, and then you need not have had the trouble of coming all this way to Bath."

"Faith you must excuse me, Sir; but I'll not give the thrunk out o' my possession, barrin' I know for why. I've no doubt that the gentleman you mention will give me every satisfaction as to who owns it, afore I give it up."

"As I told you, when I wrote to you, the man

who owned it is dead; he was hanged shortly after he left your house. His name was Carrol Watts; and the gentleman I mention, was his great friend: you will find his letters and papers, I have no doubt, in the trunk, and my friend's name to them. I should not have written to you for it, but that Captain Simon Peat, on returning to London after his ship had been burnt in Dublin, stated that this Mr. Carrol Watts had left a leather trunk with you. You refused to send it then, you know, and the matter lay over; but I was directed to go myself to you, a few days ago; and I do think that you might just as well have given the valise to me in Ireland, as to have come with it yourself: I would have given you a receipt for it, which, you know, would have been your voucher. I flatter myself that the firm of Clippershaw, Bull, and Chapman, of Little St. Thomas Apostle, is security enough: I have belonged to that establishment, Sir, these five-and-thirty years."

"Why, you see, Sir," returned Barny, "that though the unfortunate fellow was hanged, I would not like to give up his goods without either lave from himself or some of his relations."

"Well, well, my friend," said Nickerman, "the magistrate will be here to-morrow. I'll send to tell him of our arrival, and then he shall convince you that the valise will be safe with him, and ought to be with nobody else. But tell me, do you know the day on which the 'Good Intent' was burnt?"

"O yes, Sir, well: it was the day afore Emmet's ruction," responded Cooly.

"That rebellion took place on the 23rd of July."

"Yes, Sir; an' it was the day afore—that is, the 22nd o' July—that the ship was burnt."

"Not at all: I have a definitive reason that it was on the 23rd, and not the 22nd, that the vessel was blown up. The letter which Mr. Simon Peat, the master of the vessel, wrote to our house, is now in my pocket, and it is dated 23rd July, stating that he had just been saved from destruction: besides, the post-mark agrees with it. This is as plain as that two and two make four."

"All I know is, Sir, that it was the night afore the breakin' out in Dublin, that it happened."

"Was it after twelve o'clock at night?"

"That I declare I can't say."

"*There's* the business—but ring the bell: I must have some tea; will you have some also?" demanded Capel.

"Tay! O no—barn it bees a little o' the strong tay—a drop o' brandy, if you plaise," replied Cooly.

Refreshment was now brought in, and the two old fellow travellers continued their conversation in an animated strain. In a few minutes, however, the one had finished his tea, and the other his brandy. The book-keeper, not perhaps particularly anxious for the further society of Mr. Cooly, left the room, and took a walk about the town; while Barny, having amused himself with gazing at the furniture, &c. of the apartment, crept out as far as the pavement before the hotel, and there stood, lost in wonderment at the novelty of the scene around him. He had not, however, been long in this situation, when he saw driving up to the door the identical chaise and horses on which he had ventured, a short time before, to throw some doubts as to their corporeal existence. The light of the bright lamps glared on a man who was within the vehicle, his body enveloped in a cloak, and half his

face in a red kerchief. He fixed his eyes fiercely on Barny; at which the little man became suddenly terrified, and as well as he was able, withdrew to the apartment he had recently left, making the sign of the cross on his forehead with his thumb as he retreated.

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated he. "What can that coach want with followin' us so, every where we go?—An' what an awful lookin' man is in it! God ha' marcy on us! is all *I* say, any how. I hope it's not a ghost coach—that's all. The poor man was hanged! God rest his sowl!—I hope he is not unsettled in his grave!—there's his thrunk!—the Lord Almighty save us! I'm afear'd to look at it!"

Poor Cooly, filled as his mind was with the prejudices of his own country—for he was a native of the Connaught mountains, and brought up amongst them until he was thirty years of age—it is not to be wondered at that he should feel in a strong degree the power of any delusion excited in his mind regarding ghosts. In the part of the country in which he was born, hearses and coaches are frequently the *vehicles* of such aberrations; conse-

quently this found ready footing in the brain of the little host. He stirred the fire, thrust the extinguished candles, one after the other, between the blazing coals, in order to banish from his mind, by illumination, the spectres of darkness which were now fast arising in it. The poor little man wrought himself into a paroxysm of terror in the height of which he was, when the door flew open, and the man whom he had observed in the chaise stood before him, removed the kerchief from his face, opened his cloak, and drew from his breast a pistol. It was enough—it was more than Cooly's brain could bear—and he sunk, with a shiver and a groan, prostrate on the hearth-rug.

Not many minutes after his fall, Barny recovered his affrighted senses in some degree, but did not dare to raise his head: he remained huddled as it were into a heap, repeating over and over again his prayers, with his face to the ground; and in this situation he was found by Mr. Capel Nickerman, on that gentleman's return from his peripatetic adventure. Matters were soon tolerably arranged, and all became well again, except that the valise, so guarded by Barny, and so desired by

Nickerman, was no where to be found. What became of it, the former had little trouble in deciding: he declared that the ghost of the right owner had seized it. Capel, however, although he had no doubt of the loss of the valise, could not for a moment suppose that it disappeared by supernatural means. The fact is—it was the French grenadier who had thus terrified the little host of the "White Cross."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

This man is runnet, Sir—his touch would turn
An ocean of rich milk to whey.

When Redmond and Captain Ostin returned from Bath to Hilsey, they found Sir Edward in "full feather:" he was in perfect health, having recovered from fever at Zamora: he had proceeded rapidly to Oporto, where he embarked for England. On hearing of the return of his regiment and death of Colonel Howard, he had left London, where he had been enjoying himself, and proceeded to take the command of his regiment, now fully devolved upon him. His friend, Lieutenant Nickerman, had received a stimulus in the presence of the colonel, and now was the same busy, interfering, tattling follower of authority

as before. Mrs. Pommel also rejoiced in Sir Edward, from the prospect now arising of a recurrence to her favourite system of "discipline." The great bulk of the officers, however, feared that the death of Colonel Howard, and the consequent command of Sir Edward, would not benefit the regiment. Troublesome parades and drills were ordered; vexatious etiquette insisted upon; and all the pipe-clay absurdities which were calculated to shew the new commanding officer and his "consequence," brought into requisition. Although the absence of Redmond and the captain was with the consent of Major Pommel, then in command of the regiment; yet Sir Edward, on their return, sent an orderly sergeant for them, as well as the major, and in an arrogant manner remonstrated with all on the impropriety of quitting the regiment without official leave. As the major thought proper to grant leave, the other officers felt that they were not responsible, therefore paid little attention to Sir Edward's observations on the subject, and both retired abruptly, inwardly mortified at this untangible affront put upon them. As for the major, he listened as composedly to the "wig,"

as it is called, as if he were listening to a charity sermon. Thus, the first sting of the tyrannical Sir Edward's return to command, was felt by Redmond and his friend, and thus they tasted another bitter from the death of Colonel Howard.

This feeling was soon dispelled, at least for the time, by the presence of Emily and Mr. Ostin; the young officers were soon at the Fountain Hotel, in the happy embrace of those they held dear, and concerning whose fate they had been so anxious.

Those who have been absent from beloved friends, when seas rolled and foreign lands spread far between them, can well fancy what were the joys of meeting between the members of this family. Dangers, troubles—all were forgotten in the delightful moment of meeting. And as for Miles Magoverin, now corporal, and restored to the good graces of his regiment—the sight of him to Kitty, (for Miles had been beforehand with his officers in going to the "Fountain"), had a similar effect as the sight of Kitty had on himself; what that was, none but those who had been present at the meeting could give any thing like a just idea

of; and although three days and nights had elapsed before his respected officers arrived at the "Fountain," Miles was never from beside his wife, (except when on duty), recounting and listening to, over and over again, the various adventures which they had met with in Spain. His miraculous restoration, and her courage in acting the little man, the gallant champion of her mistress, were the principal themes of their conversation, and, with the exception of the family to which they were attached, none ever felt happier than Miles and his wife. When the honest corporal had heard of the safe arrival of Mr. and Miss Ostin, he flew to them, and in the overflowings of his heart, poured out a speech, so full of parenthetical exclamations, long words, and scraps of Latin, that it would have put the talents of the best parliamentary reporter, from the Woodfalls to the Finnertys, to have given any thing like a faithful representation of it.

The long-doubtful cause of Emily's quitting Vandeleur Hall was now explained to Captain Ostin and to Redmond. It appeared that when Emily had been but a few days with Lady Vandeleur, she began to observe that Colonel Raven's

manners towards his wife and daughter (for she had found Charlotte at Vandeleur Hall on her arrival there), were very different from those she had observed on former occasions: he was harsh, tyrannical, and brutal; and ere a month had passed away, he betrayed such a demeanour, that no doubt remained on Emily's mind of his former hypocrisy—his civility to his wife and daughter before faces, while he was the tyrant behind the curtain. This, however, only made Emily still more desirous of being near to Lady Vandeleur, ill and heart-broken as that lady was; in order to lighten, by her society, the lonely hours which both she and her daughter were doomed to pass; for so completely did the colonel rule and oppress these ladies, that they, whenever he chose to direct it so, could neither be at home to visitors, nor seek abroad the society of their dearest friends. This fact became so palpable to Emily, that Lady Vandeleur no longer continued to conceal it: she confessed to Emily, and so did her daughter, the painful secret—it was a secret heretofore to the world, for the amiability of Lady Vandeleur's nature had not permitted her to reveal it; she bore her misery in silence, or

at least, only relieved by communing with her beloved daughter, Charlotte, who, in this, followed her mother's example. Emily learnt that one of the greatest objects of the colonel was to prevent any intercourse between Charlotte and Captain Ostin, whom he knew she preferred in her heart; and to accomplish this he had had recourse to all sorts of *finesse*—the story of her being ill at the Isle of Wight was all invention: she had never been a day away from Vandeleur Hall; but so watched and directed that she was never to be seen. As soon, however as Captain Ostin had marched with his regiment from Bath, she, as well as her mother, found more liberty. Charlotte had informed Emily, also, that on the night before the regiment marched, she had broken through her usual obedience, had gone alone to the house of the Ostins, and had spoken to her lover through the rails of the garden; when fearing discovery, she appointed to see him in a few minutes at the gate of the church-yard; but that, in her way to the appointed spot, her fears were realized; for the colonel himself arrested her, and placing her in his chaise drove her back to Vandeleur Hall. Charlotte's intention was to have given

Captain Ostin an assurance of her regard before he left England, perhaps never to return; and to have done so by letter was out of the question, so strictly was she kept from the use of pen and ink, at that particular time. Thus was the death-vision in part accounted for, to the now astonished captain.

It would appear, from what had taken place immediately before Emily proceeded to Spain, and which was the cause of her so doing, that the colonel's sudden fit of hospitality, when the regiment was at Bath, arose from an evil motive; he, in short, had then conceived a violent passion for Emily. The fact was proved in the result: for he seized an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to herself, accompanied by a proposal, namely, that he would marry her the moment he should become a widower, insinuating, at the same time, that such might very soon be the case. To remain longer under the roof of so base a hypocrite, was, to Emily, impossible; and to leave her affectionate friends, without giving them sufficient reason, was revolting to her: yet she would not add another pang to their misery, by informing them of the colonel's conduct towards her. Still, to quit the house re-

quired not a second thought: she, therefore, with her servant, Mrs. Magoverin, proceeded to the hotel at Bath, having first left a letter of excuse, founded in amiable feigning for her sudden departure; and knowing that Lisbon was not then the immediate seat of war, and that her brothers were there, she at once set out for Falmouth, and took the packet for Portugal. On her arrival at Lisbon, she learnt that the army had advanced into Spain; so, without hesitation, she entered on the journey which brought her into the dangerous situation, near Palencia, of which they had before heard. It was Kitty's own proposal to dress in man's clothes: and perhaps Kitty's arguments had some weight with Emily in deciding her to venture from Lisbon. She was as much of a lover with Miles, as Emily was with Redmond, and to have again his society, she would encounter any danger.

The communication of these matters to Redmond and Captain Ostin excited their astonishment and indignation—feelings which the worthy chaplain had not less experienced when his sister told him at Zamora the circumstances—and which he still possessed. To bear this insult!—the thought could

not itself be borne. Yet to punish the insulter!—how? He had evidently fled from Bath on the re-appearance of Emily's protectors. Where was he?—gone! In fact, nothing at present could be done, but to follow the maxim of the Phrygian philosopher—"*bear and forbear.*"

As both the officers were that day obliged to attend an inspection, they could not stay with Mr. Ostin and Emily to dine; therefore they took their leave, and returned to Hilsey, while Emily and her reverend brother, delighted beyond measure at the meeting which military duty had but for a time cut short, sat down to dinner, *tête-à-tête*, at the "Fountain."

A little before the drums had sounded for the mess, Redmond, who had concluded his *toilette*, walked out on the barrack parade, to indulge his thoughts alone. The evening was frosty and windy, but the atmosphere clear, and the sky was bright with the stars and the rising moon. Nobody was on the parade but himself, and he there indulged his reflections while he walked with a quick pace to and fro before the barracks. The insult which his Emily had suffered—the trouble she had

been put to in consequence—the slight which he and Ostin had received from Sir Edward on their return to the regiment, in so petulantly questioning their right to leave of absence—all these passed through his mind, and agitated it as they passed; but the thought which hung heaviest on him, and on which his mind was most fixed, was that which arose from the words of the French grenadier—that he might probably be the son of that individual. The words he recounted daily, nightly, hourly, since he had heard them. "My boy—my child,"—these were they. Miles had told him of the strange soldier who appeared at Mother Heldershaw's and delivered the message with which he was charged; the insinuation which Carrol Watts had given flashed across his mind. The grenadier was then in England—his hopes almost identified that individual with the name of 'father.' Yet these hopes were not confided to Captain Ostin; Redmond's prudence forbade him —the affair was yet too undefined—too doubtful, to break it to his friend—the agitation of so delicate a question, in its present state, would be attended with too much pain: he therefore resolved

"O, it was talked of last night at Mrs. Pommel's.—You called on Colonel Raven, I suppose?"

"Yes; but, unfortunately, did not see him."

"You have had a little difference, I understand."

"Rather so; but how have you heard of it?"

"Sir Edward mentioned it—that is—really I can't say for certain—"

"Sir Edward!—has he heard of it?—this is very strange."

"No, no—it was not Sir Edward—Mrs. Pommel, I think. Do you mean to follow it up?"

"I do, Sir."

"Pray how did the quarrel arise?"

"What! do you not know?"

"No, 'pon my honour."

"Then you must go back for that part of the information," pointedly observed Redmond.

"O, I don't care about it—it is nothing to me—only one does not like friends to fall out.—What's your opinion of Colonel Raven?" asked the visitor, opening his snuff-box for the sixth time since his entrance.

"I fear that if I were now to give you a full opinion on that point," said Redmond, rising from the sofa, "we should lose our dinner, which I am not at all disposed to do. The drums are preparing to sound—with your leave I'll go to the mess-room."

"O, certainly, certainly: dear me, how time *does* fly! Well—adieu!" returned Nickerman, as he left the room, evidently under feelings of disappointment at the reserved manner which Redmond had shewn. The latter having seen his disagreeable guest depart, sat down again to wait until the dinner-drums had done beating.

He had scarcely resumed his seat, when his servant entered, and told him that Corporal Magoverin wished to see him. The corporal was shewn in, and the servant retired.

"If you plaise, your honour, I want to spake to you," said Magoverin, as he entered.

"Well, Miles, what may you have to say?" demanded Redmond.

"Why, Sir," replied the corporal, "it is a thing that has occurred quite accidental an' unbeknowin' to me; for I never meddle or make in any one's

business but my own, barrin' it be's in a thing like the present, where I am in juty bound to prevent an' put aside evil intentions; for you know, Sir, that '*quiescens lingua demonstro sapientus caput*'—I needn't tell *you*, Sir, that that manes, '*a still tongue shews a wise head*;' but, however, if my tongue was to be still, or my arm either, while my benefactor was to be injured by it, both the one an' the other desarves to be cut off an' thrown away as base an' vile entirely. To come to the point, Sir; I was standin' at the gate o' the barrack, waitin' for Mrs. Magoverin, who is to come to see me to-night, when I heard a stranger talkin' to Sir Edward, just a few minutes ago; an' do you know, Sir, that as well as I can remember the voice o' the curnel o' yeomen that manœuvered away at Vandeleur Hall last year, at the field-day there, it was himself; an' the figure more betoken, although it was wrapt up in a big clóak, was like him too."

"What! Colonel Raven! think you it was he?" hastily inquired Redmond.

"O, in throth, I'm a' most sure it was, Sir."

"What occurred?"

"I'll tell you, Sir:—Says Sir Edward to the

other, 'I should be heartily glad to get shut of both Ostin and Allan; I cannot feel happy while they are in the regiment.' Then says Curnel Raven, 'I wish particularly to know what their intentions towards me really are; you could find out, but by no means drop a hint that you know where I am. This business is of the greatest consequence.' Then slappin' his hand on Sir Edward's shoulder, 'O, Edward,' says he, 'should they really be acquainted with the affair, both you and I are ruined for ever.' "

"Did Raven say this?" interrupted Redmond.

"Yes, Sir; I was near enough to hear every word, because you see the shade o' the moon was on me, an' a side o' the gate also between us. 'Well,' then says Sir Edward, 'I'll set Nickerman to worm every thing he can out of them.' 'Do so,' says Colonel Raven. They then shook hands an' parted. I saw Sir Edward then beckon to Misther Nickerman, who was at a distance, an' he seized hoult of his arm, an' both walked up to the barracks in close conversation. I waited a few minutes, and so came off to tell you what I heard, Sir; but the sarvant tould me that Misther

Nickerman was along with you, so I stopped till he was gone."

"Miles, I thank you; you have rendered me a considerable service in this matter," said Redmond, as he opened his purse, drew out a piece of money, and presented it to the corporal.

"O, Sir," said Miles, "if I have done you a sarvice, it's a real happiness to me: but it would take away all the pleasure to be paid for it. I hope you'll excuse me for not takin' the money, Sir; it's more nor that—ay, or a hundred times that—that Miles would do for your honour."

The corporal then respectfully withdrew, and Redmond at once proceeded to his friend Ostin, to whom he communicated what the corporal had told him. Both felt equally astonished, and resolved to be on their guard against Nickerman for the future—for the present, to take no apparent notice of the matter—but to exert themselves, in every possible way, to find out Colonel Raven.

They proceeded to the mess-room, where they found most of the officers already assembled—Sir Edward leaning against the mantle-piece in close conversation with his led-captain, Lieutenant

Nickerman. The officers in general seemed rather gloomy and silent towards each other than usual; there was not that undisguised laugh—that tone of voice free from the heart—that open regard from one to the other, which but a short month before was fully the case: half whispering conversation, or trite remarks on the nothings of the day, took place instead. The effect of Sir Edward's petty tyranny, and the *car-wigging*—as it is expressively termed in military life—were now apparent: the corps was evidently approximating to the state in which it was immediately before the late regretted Colonel Howard had rejoined it: a party was evidently ready to be, if not altogether, formed; feuds were in embryo, and all the miseries of disunion ready to burst forth on the first excitement. The independent members of the regiment were cold but respectful to their imperious commanding-officer; while the followers of authority, not a few, were seeking the eye and the ear of Sir Edward by any means wherewith they could possess themselves.

Let it not be egotistically by one part of the world, romantically by a second, and ignorantly by

a third, imagined that there exists a regiment in the service which is completely free from officers of exceptionable natures: for this is not the fact; nor can it be, while man's interests and passions be human. Some corps happily find but little trouble from such spirits: but it is not so much because they are not to be found amongst them, as the want of opportunity which, from good government, they possess of bringing forth their evil dispositions.

Fortunately for all parties, several visitors were that day present at dinner; had that not been the case, a melancholy evening would again embitter the feelings of all—a miserable meal in cold formality would again pass by, uninterrupted by scarcely any sounds but those produced by knives, forks, spoons, and plates, with an occasional word of necessity from one or other of the members. (Save us from such a dinner!) However, the presence of the strangers obviated this suffering—for they were as one to the proportion of two or three of the officers, and having been judiciously mingled through the party, it gave assurance that sufficient conversation would occupy general attention. Gerrard and Redmond felt on this account much relieved; for their

feelings in the presence of Sir Edward were like flint and steel in a powder magazine — collision might explode—an accident they would at that time deeply regret. They felt a still further relief at seeing amongst the visitors their friend, the worthy staff-surgeon, Mr. Ansel; and cordially shaking him by the hand, they took their seats one on each side of him. Thus having formed a little party of their own, they conversed pleasantly on their past scenes in Spain; and many a fearful wound, and many a desperate surgical operation, were fully described and dilated on by the scientific Ansel. At every succeeding *dose* of claret appeared new *symptoms* in his detail of diseases; and, bating a little irrelevant science, the staff-surgeon's stories were highly interesting not only to the two friends, but frequently to the table at large, for he was a man who soundly knew his profession, as well as the complex subject of his knowledge—man. Rarely can any science be deeply acquired without a sincere love for it. Mr. Ansel delighted in that of his profession, and therefore had acquired the mastery of it: with that acquirement, however, came an excusable blemish—every thing he said or did was tinged

with a shade of physiology, pathology, therapeutics, and operative surgery. It was this bearing of his conversation which awakened in Captain Ostin a desire to satisfy himself, by obtaining the staff-surgeon's opinion upon the unaccountable subject of the "death-fetch," which he fancied he had seen on the night previous to his leaving Bath with his regiment. Accordingly, he turned the conversation to his point, by relating the sensations which he had experienced in the churchyard; concealing, however, the name of her who had been the chief cause. After a most learned elucidation of the theory of spectral illusions in the mind, with several excellent illustrations from the history of alchemy and demonology, the scientific gentleman thus approached the point for which the captain had waited in secret impatience.

"On the whole," said he, "the case is precisely thus:—First, Sir, you had thought that the appointed place of meeting was somewhat awful—then you had previously believed that the lady was on the point of death. You first thought it possible that it was a 'death-fetch' which you had seen, and your doubts on that subject were easily

wrought into belief. You were in a lonely church-yard by moonlight—you heard not a sound stirring the air, except the melancholy murmurs of the trees—the emblems of death were around—you counted the tardy moments as they passed—you beheld the hand of the church clock approaching the midnight moment—the bell struck the hour of appointment—your expectation is wound up—the *sensorium* is excited by vascular action—it re-acts on the heart—the heart increases again the action of its vessels—a thought that you in reality might not have seen the lady, but a "death-fetch," perhaps then crossed your mind—did it not?"

"Why," said the captain, after a short pause, "I do confess that I had almost believed so, as the clock struck."

"Very well; you believed in the 'death-fetch'—you approached—no sound, no object like her appeared—your heart increased in palpitation—you believed that she was dead—you strained your sight, in agitation, to the place where you expected a meeting; a mist arose before your eyes—your gaze becomes intense, and you desire strongly that her 'death-fetch' may appear; your

desire to see the vision increases—your eye now loses all other objects, and creates the perfect form of your mistress—the illusion is complete —you pursue the phantom, and find that it moves before you, yet speaks not—your feelings like a torrent rush upon you, and you fall senseless, in the conviction that her you loved so much is in reality dead. You are a stout soldier, Captain Ostin, but you have often listened to stories of 'death-fetches' in Ireland, and they no doubt prepared your mind for this impression; which, considering the supposition you had entertained of the lady's death, and the melancholy scene of the churchyard, I do not much wonder at."

Whether Mr. Ansel's view of the causes will meet with the approbation of the physiologists, we are not prepared even to surmise; but we certainly must add our plain common-sense opinion to his in favour of the theory. We have seen a stout-hearted soldier before now, who would not flinch in fight from twenty living men, sorely afraid of a dead comrade. But, be the matter as it may, Captain Ostin himself felt perfectly satisfied with the staff-surgeon's explanation.

As Mr. Ansel concluded this learned, and, to Captain Ostin, most interesting opinion, a shriek was heard by all in the mess-room. In a few moments a servant entered breathless, calling on his master, Major Pommel, to come to the assistance of his mistress. The major instantly awakened from his accustomed stupor, and eagerly inquired what was the matter. Mrs. Pommel had fallen in a fit. The major hastened to her assistance; Mr. Ansel volunteered to accompany him, and both left the room together. A due degree of anxiety was manifested by all for the safety of the major's lady; and for the first ten minutes after the alarm had taken place, messengers were frequently dispatched to make those inquiries which the occasion demanded: at the end of that time, however, Mr. Ansel returned to his seat at the mess-table, and allayed the excitement of the company, by assuring them that Mrs. Pommel was now quite recovered. This information served to produce, for the first time during the evening, a general conversation. The cause of the alarm was inquired into by all, and the staff-surgeon thus explained it:—

"It appears," said he, "that the lady had fallen asleep on a sofa, and that she had dreamt of her son, whom I understand she lost many years ago.—No doubt it is an affection of night-mare.—Well,—as the servant says—he was just entering the room when his mistress started up from the sofa, pale, trembling—her countenance much distorted, and her hands clasped."

"'My child, my child!' she exclaimed; 'it is he—it is he. I know him—he came from Heaven to upbraid his unnatural mother!'

"She then shrieked, and fell writhing at the servant's feet. However, by the time I had arrived, she was recovering; the pulse returned fast, and she soon was quite well—a little shaken by her imaginary fears, of course. She is now quite restored and thinks no more of it."

"Her son!" exclaimed an old captain; "bless my soul! Why her son was kidnapped sure enough. I had forgotten the matter, it is so long ago—a fine, bold, spirited little fellow. O, I dare say, she often thinks of him, although she very seldom has been heard to mention his name. Poor woman! she has her feelings as well as other people;

and although she might have been a little too severe in her discipline with the boy, she does not quite forget him yet."

"Ah!" sighed the old paymaster, "it is a bad subject to talk upon. My opinion is, that the boy ran away, and was no more kidnapped than I was. I remember the day well—he had been punished, and I saw him crying as he went out at the barrack-gate. I don't like such discipline with children. *My* little ones did very well. They had none of this *discipline*, as Mrs. Pommel calls it; they loved me, bless them! and now, that they are grown up, they love me still. Why, my Jack wants to exchange into this regiment, although he is the senior ensign in his own—all to be near his poor old father."

The sentiments uttered by the paymaster were felt by all those officers present who were aware of the facts of Mrs. Pommel's severity to her child, and admired by all. The topic was continued, in general discussion, for a considerable time, and Mr. Ansel delivered his opinion in a very interesting strain, upon the "*modus operandi*" of discipline

considered as a "*cerebral action.*" He concluded, however, with a remark, which, however kindly meant, was attended with serious consequences.

"Now, I am certain," said the learned gentleman, by way of illustration, and addressing the colonel, "I am certain that you, Sir Edward, have never experienced severity from your father, Colonel Raven, although a step-father—from what I have heard of the cordiality that exists between you. I knew the colonel at Bath, some years ago, and I certainly mean to call upon him to-morrow. What hotel does he stop at? I thought I should have met him here to-day."

"Thomas!—John!—here—the claret decanters are empty," cried Sir Edward, in a hurried and confused manner. The allusion to Colonel Raven's arrival was the cause of the alarm he now felt, wishing, as he did, to conceal any knowledge of it. Captain Ostin, and Redmond, turned with breathless attention to the surgeon, who continued the subject, unconscious of the consequences.

"Indeed I would have spoken to your father, Sir Edward, this evening, when I met you and he together, but that I saw you were engaged in con-

versation; and as I expected to see him at dinner, I —"

"Mr. Ansel, by-the-by," said Lieutenant Nickerman, interrupting the staff-surgeon, "I—a—think I saw your name in the gazette to-day, as deputy-inspector of hospitals."

"Indeed!" cried the pleasingly-surprised staff-surgeon, with a smile, a fixed stare at the lieutenant, and a pause of delightful expectation, waiting, as it were, the confirmation of the news, to him so acceptable;—but it was all a *ruse* of the artful Nickerman, who, to save his patron, had mentioned the staff-surgeon's imaginary promotion. It had the desired effect; for Sir Edward, availing himself of the interruption, arose from the table, and, unobserved, except by Redmond and Captain Ostin, left the mess-room. But the mine had already been fired—the brother and the lover of the insulted Emily had caught the truth which the words of the staff-surgeon and the confused manner of Sir Edward had displayed to them. They at once ascertained from Mr. Ansel, that he was positive as to his having seen Raven in Hilsey, before dinner; and Redmond informed his friend (as we said

before) of what corporal Magoverin had seen, also, at the gate. Both, therefore, determined to follow Sir Edward, and demand from him an unequivocal answer, as to where Colonel Raven was. They found him walking on the parade; and as they approached, he endeavoured to avoid them, but was unable to do so.—Redmond stood on one side of him, and Captain Ostin on the other.

"Sir Edward," said the latter, "the outraged feelings of a brother urge me to request, that you will inform me, whether Colonel Raven is now at Hilsey, or not? You have heard, Sir, no doubt, of his conduct towards my sister, while she was under his roof."

"Matters between you and Colonel Raven, I will have nothing to do with," replied Sir Edward, haughtily.

"But, Sir," said Redmond, in a firm, yet not disrespectful tone, "it is to be expected, that while you decline having any thing to do with this affair, you will not throw an impediment in our way. You will not deny that Colonel Raven was this day in your company."

"Sir," returned the field-officer, drawing himself up, stiffly, "I am not disposed to answer *you* on the subject."

"As a man of honour," interrupted Ostin, "I think you are not justified in refusing to answer Mr. Allan's question. The satisfaction which one gentleman may claim from another, should not be impeded by the commanding-officer of the * *th regiment."

"It is not only true, Sir Edward," said Redmond, "that you have seen Colonel Raven this day, but that you have had a conversation with him as unbecoming in you as it was undeserved by me."

"Mr. Allan, I shall be obliged to order you to your room, Sir," returned the commanding-officer.

"Your order, Sir Edward," retorted the lieutenant, indignantly, "is the only weapon you possess to which I would yield: but you may rely upon it, Sir, that your indirect participation in Colonel Raven's conduct shall meet no protection in your regimental authority."

"Your claims to this high feeling," returned Sir Edward, with a malicious sneer, "do not warrant this refinement. Still I can make some

allowance for the debt of gratitude you wish to pay to Charity. You should learn to know yourself, Mr. Allan: Captain Ostin, I should think, does not require the assistance of a retainer to vindicate the honour of his family."

"This is unmerited insult to my friend," returned Ostin, hastily, while Sir Edward endeavoured to move towards the barrack door.

"Stay, Sir," cried Redmond; "if you are a gentleman—"

But he was gone; and, in the clattering which took place by his allowing his steel-sheathed sword to strike against the pavement, was implied his excuse for not hearing the last words of Redmond.

The feelings of Redmond wrought him into a fever of indignation, while those of the captain, although better regulated, were not less acute. They continued to walk to and fro on the parade—Redmond, tacit, but raging within; while Ostin indulged in vows of steady pursuit and effectual revenge upon the insulter of his sister and his tyrannical son-in-law.

"Gerrard," said Redmond, taking his friend's

hand, "I claim it of you, to allow me the gratification of vindicating my wounded feelings:—leave this haughty gentleman to me. Sir Edward shall answer for his conduct at my will—not only for the insult he has thrown upon me, but for the connivance he holds with his detestable father-in-law."

"Trust me, Redmond," replied the captain; "I will not deprive you of that satisfaction which is so justly due to you. The insult he has given you is unpardonable; but should he survive the meeting with you, Redmond, he shall pass to my hands."

The friends parted for the night. Redmond, however, did not retire to rest until he had first written out a resignation of his commission, and dispatched it to Sir Edward; for he knew too well, that had he attempted to challenge that officer, a court-martial would be the result, instead of a meeting. Although he was now high up on the list of lieutenants, and had every prospect of further promotion, he hesitated not in resigning—though to be thrown friendless on the world were to be the consequence: sooner would he have begun his profession again, and as a private soldier, than have

borne the insult he had received. All feelings but the one—that of thirst for satisfaction, were quenched in the high spirit of the young soldier; and he felt already happy in the first step to his honest revenge. He had been necessitated to suffer for a considerable time the overbearing oppression of his commanding-officer, in common with others: and now he rejoiced that something tangible offered to adjust his outraged feeling. Whether he was right or wrong in the act, he did not stop to consider; the high tide of his spirit carried him along ., and he determined to trust to it, sink or swim

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Dark is the night, and the rain falls fast,
And the wind grows higher and higher;
But he'll come, though from hell had sped the blast,
And the rain that it blows were fire.

Nothing could be more agreeable to Sir Edward than the resignation of Redmond. Independently of his own hostile feelings towards that young officer, it would appear, from the conversation, overheard by Magoverin, between Raven and the former, that it was the greattest desire of Sir Edward to get rid of both Redmond and Captain Ostin, if possible; and it is not to be doubted that the mode he had meant to adopt for that purpose was, to annoy them as much as might lie in his power:

thus rendering their situation so unpleasant, that they would both exchange. The resignation then, of one, was half his purpose already accomplished; therefore he lost not a moment in forwarding it to the general in command of the district.

Captain Ostin, next morning, learnt the step that Redmond had taken, and applauded the spirit that had dictated it.

"You shall not want for a commission in the service," said he, "should you survive the meeting with this disturber of the regiment. I myself will lay your case before the commander-in-chief; and neither my purse, nor the interest I possess, shall be wanting in serving you, Redmond."

This declaration on the part of Captain Ostin tranquillized the only painful sentiment he felt at having sent in his resignation: his commission had been purchased for him by his friend, and now finding that that friend had approved of his conduct, he felt relieved from the apprehension of having displeased him in thus giving up what he had so generously received from his hands.

Both proceeded to make the minutest inquiries

throughout the hotels in Portsmouth, Gosport, and Portsea, in order to find out Colonel Raven, but to no purpose. Three successive hours, they continued their search with as little effect—not a trace of such a person could be found. Neither one nor the other allowed a word to escape that might awaken a suspicion in the minds of the chaplain, Emily, or Charlotte, as to the resignation, or the intended duel; but preserved their wonted demeanour towards them. There was perhaps a melancholy cast over Redmond's manner, while in the presence of Emily, which she could not account for: but no suspicion arose as to the conduct which caused it. Corporal Magoverin was also strictly cautioned not to drop a hint on the subject of Redmond's having quitted the barracks; for, on the morning of the day on which the latter sent his resignation, he had directed Miles to have his luggage removed from the barracks to the inn, and had also ordered him to apprise the landlady, Mrs. Heldershaw, of his coming to stay at her house. The lieutenant had determined to reside at the inn until the meeting with Sir Edward should be decided; for, to remain in barracks after what

had occurred, could not have been agreeable to either party.

To poor Miles, the news of Mr. Allan's resignation was a thunderbolt: that faithful soldier at first exerted all the powers of his eloquence to shew that his preceptor was wrong—that it would be worse than death to be obliged to remain in the regiment behind him; and concluded his address by entreating him to retract, and not quit the corps. But when he found that his arguments and prayers were without the desired effect, he sunk into despondency, and left the lieutenant's presence, ejaculating with a sigh, "I wish I could resign too, an' not to be abstracted, I may say, 'entirely by myself."

Redmond, not intending to return to Hilsey until late in the evening, was sitting with the Ostins round a cheerful fire, when he was informed by one of the servants, that a soldier wished particularly to speak a word with him below stairs. He at once went down, and found the corporal, Miles Magoverin, dripping wet, wiping his face with a handkerchief, and puffing as if he had just concluded a long and difficult pedestrian

match against time, through rain and mud. He was standing in the centre of the wide hall of the inn.

"Well, Magoverin, what is the matter now?" inquired Redmond.

"Sir," whispered the corporal, putting his mouth in the direction of one of the lieutenant's ears, "there is something terrible, an' wonderful, an', I may say, very strange, to be mentioned to you."

"What is it—tell me?"

"Why, Sir, that's more nor I can do; but he is close by that can. He seems all of a confusion, and in dreadful haste to see you."

"Who?"

"Why, Sir, I don't know exactly; but it's the man I met at Mother Heldershaw's, in Hilsey, an' that left the message with me for you. He came a runnin' up to me, as I was takin' your luggage to the inn, about an hour ago; an' says he, 'Corporal,'—an' he looked frightful, an' splather'd all over, as if he had rode twenty miles before wind an' rain—'where's Liftenant Allan?' says he, without sayin' 'How are you, Miles?' or any thing in the world. 'He's not here,' says I. 'Then bring me

to where he is. I have something to communicate to him of the greatest importance, says he.' 'I will,' says I, 'when I leave his luggage where I'm taking it.' 'You must not wait for that,' says he, 'if you are what I think you are—a well-wisher of his.' "

"Well, well," interrupted Redmond; "where is he now?"

"O, I ran off here with him in a minute, without waitin' to take the luggage, which I gave in charge of the guard. He is on the ramparts, there, waitin' in the rain; an' here's a letter he gave me for you, Sir. He says he has just come from London, an' tould me not to give it to any mother's sowl but yourself, Sir. There it is; all dreepin' wet, too."

Redmond opened the letter, his heart beating in the most anxious expectation. It contained but these words:—

"The French grenadier, whom you met at Palencia, wants to see you. Fail not to come to him immediately."

"Gracious Heavens! lead me to the man at once, Magoverin."

"Wait 'till I get your shaco and cloak, Sir; that foraging-cap is too light for the weather."

"No, no; come away at once, corporal;"—and he darted out at the door, rapidly followed by Magoverin.

They proceeded to the foot of the ramparts, with scarcely light enough to guide their steps, Miles occasionally expressing some alarm, lest evil might be intended to the lieutenant; and having arrived at the place appointed, the former begged to be allowed to remain, in case of foul play, as he said; but this Redmond negatived, and requested him to return to the hotel.

The corporal apparently proceeded to obey; but instead of going back to the hotel, he slipped behind a tree, to observe, and, in case of necessity, be in readiness to protect Redmond from the danger which he could not help thinking awaited him. However, the light of the lamp enabled him to see the stranger moving towards the lieutenant, with his arms stretched forth in kindness, and heard him call out, as the young officer flew to his arms, "Redmond, my dear child! my dear, dear boy! Thank Heaven, we meet again!"

This satisfied Miles Magoverin as to the lieutenant's safety; and he at once returned to the hotel, talking to himself all the way, in amazement at the extraordinary interview which he had just witnessed.

END OF VOL II.

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OF

# THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL,

AND

# NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE.

## PROSPECTUS.

In contemplating the efforts of the British arms during a struggle which has no parallel in modern history, and in which both branches of the Service surpassed all their former achievements, it cannot but be a subject of surprise that the Army and Navy of Britain, to which the Country owes so large a share of its pre-eminent prosperity and glory, should not have hitherto possessed a distinct publication of suitable frequency, as a channel for their communications, and as a record of their proceedings and exploits. To supply this deficiency, to concentrate in one focus the scattered rays of information relative to the two professions, and to furnish a medium for the preservation of many valuable details which might otherwise be lost, THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL has been projected.

It would be impossible, within the narrow compass of this announcement, to enumerate all the subjects which this Miscellany is designed to embrace. Conducted by Officers in His Majesty's Service, who have ensured the effective co-operation of gentlemen of high professional and literary character, it will be uniformly animated by the same ardent spirit of patriotism and loyalty which achieved the triumphs of Trafalgar and of Waterloo; and while it upholds that even-handed discipline, which

is the bond and charter of all armed bodies, and without which, indeed, they cannot long subsist, it will lend its best efforts in furtherance of every measure calculated to promote the true interests, and to improve the condition of both Departments of the Service.

The contents of the work will naturally divide themselves into several heads, among the principal of which will be the following:

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS and PAPERS on all SUBJECTS OF GENERAL INTEREST to the ARMY and NAVY.—For this department the Conductors expect to be favoured with the Correspondence of many distinguished Officers, who are capable of furnishing new and important information concerning the splendid events in which they have borne a part, as well as the more familiar and deeply interesting Narratives of individual adventure. It will contain also discussions on topics connected with the more scientific pursuits of the two professions, such as Fortification, Engineering, Navigation, Naval Architecture and Tactics in general; plans of proposed improvements, and hints tending to promote the health, comfort, and well-being of our warriors of all classes, whether actively employed against the enemies of their country or reposing in peace under their well-earned laurels.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of EMINENT OFFICERS.

REVIEW of all NEW PUBLICATIONS either immediately relating to the Army and Navy, or involving subjects of Utility or Interest to the members of either.

PROCEEDINGS of BOTH HOUSES of PARLIAMENT as far as they relate to Naval or Military affairs.

TRIALS by COURTS MARTIAL, GENERAL ORDERS, CIRCULARS, &c.

PROMOTIONS and APPOINTMENTS.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, OBITUARY.

MISCELLANIES, NAVAL and MILITARY, comprehending such brief Notices, Professional, Literary, and Scientific, as cannot with propriety be arranged under the preceding heads.

It will be seen, even from this imperfect sketch, that the plan of the UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL embraces subjects of such extensive variety, and of such powerful interest, as must render it scarcely less acceptable to the well-informed Civilian than to the Members of those Professions for whose use it is more peculiarly intended.

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